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RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON; OR, The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Heart of Fire," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WOUNDED MAN.

"WITHIN a week every red brave in the Shawnee nation will be on the war-path, and with the Shawnees are the Wyandots and the Mingoes. That's a bloody time ahead, gal."

"And you are leagued with the red fiends," said Kate, indignantly.

"And am I? I red now, too?" returned Kendrick, with a frown—"red at heart, although my skin may be white. But, gal, I've come to give you warning of this attack, so that you can look out for yourself in your expeditions in the forest. The Indians will be as thick as bees between here and the Ohio. And if they should come across you in the forest your scalp might adorn the belt of some one of my red brothers. Not that I think that any of the Shawnee tribe would harm a hair of your head, that is, if they knew who you was. But in the wood they won't be apt to examine very closely, till they've put a bullet through you."

"I am not afraid," said the girl, scornfully. "I do not think there are many of the Shawnee warriors that are a match for me in woodcraft."

"That's so, gal; I'll back you ag'in' 'lifting a trail' with any red-man that ever stepped."

"Do not fear for me; I can take care of myself."

"By the way, gal, that's one thing I want to ask you," said the renegade, suddenly. "In your wanderings about in the forest, did you ever see a strange-looking creature with the body of a wolf and the face of a human?"

"No," said the girl, in wonder.

"I don't know what to make of it, gal. That's something—whether man, beast, or demon, no one knows—a haunting the Shawnee nation. It attacks the warriors, singly, in the forest. Kills them with a single flick of a tomahawk, and then cuts on their breasts three knife-slashes, making a red arrow."

"Have you ever seen it?" asked the girl.

"Me? No," replied the renegade.

"It is probably but an Indian fable; such a creature as you describe can not exist."

"But I've seen the dead Indians, though, with the red arrow cut on their breast; that's no mistake about that," said Kendrick, decidedly.

"I have never met any such figure, as you describe, in the forest."

"Well, I reckon it's the devil, after all."

"Father, you understand the treatment of wounds, do you not?"

"Yes, a little."

"Can you not extract the ball from this stranger's wound?"

"Well, I kin try."

"And then the renegade bent over the sleeping man. With his keen-edged hunting-knife he ripped open the stranger's shirt.

Silently, for a few moments, Kendrick examined the wound; then with his strong arms he turned the stranger over, gently.

"It's all right, gal; 'tain't nothing but a flesh wound. The ball has passed right

through the side just under the shoulder. He's suffering more from loss of blood than anything else. A few days will fix him all right. Just bind up the wound. Put on a bandage and a poultice of these leaves," and the renegade drew a handful of leaves from the Indian pouch that hung by his side, and gave them to the girl. "It's a Shawnee medicine and powerful healing. Just chew the leaves up and apply them wet to the wound. And now, I must be going. It ain't much use for you to waste your time curing this young fellow, because, if he stays round here, the savages will have his scalp afore he's a week older. Look out for yourself, now." And, with this parting injunction, the renegade left the house.

"And to think that this man, a renegade to his country and his kin, a consort with the red Indians, is my father," the girl muttered, bitterly.

Then she proceeded to dress the wound of the stranger. She applied the leaves as directed by the renegade. Then bound them tightly in their place with strips of cotton.

The cooling influence of the simple savage remedy seemed to give almost instant relief to the wounded man.

Anxiously, she watched the expression of his face.

A few minutes of silence ensued. Then the stranger, with a sigh, turned, restlessly, on the deer-skin couch and awoke.

The wounded man was Harvey Winthrop. Wolf and carion-bird alike had been cheated of their banquet of blood by the timely arrival of the Kanawha Queen.

In astonishment, Winthrop looked around him.

"Where am I?" he murmured, in a maze.

"In safety, in my poor cabin," said Kate, softly.

Winthrop gave a slight start at the tone of her voice fell upon his ears.

He turned his glance upon the girl, and in a moment recognized her.

"Kate!" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

A warm blush, accompanied by a look of delight, swept over the girl's face as Winthrop pronounced her name.

"You remember me, then?" she cried in joy.

"Yes, of course. Am I likely to forget one who saved my life? and now I suppose I owe a double debt, another life; for, as I guess, to you again I owe my existence."

"I found you in the forest, wounded and senseless," said the girl, simply.

"In the same ravine where I first met you, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Strange that twice in that one spot I should have come so near to death and yet escaped it."

"It was Providence that sent me to your aid. I know not why I directed my steps to that spot; and a half blush was on her face as she spoke, for, to speak truthfully, she should have said, that it was a secret but earnest wish to look again upon the scene, where she had met the handsome stranger, that led her to the ravine. But that truth she would not own even to herself.

"I thank both Heaven and yourself for the timely rescue," said Winthrop, earnestly.

"How did you receive your wound?" asked the girl.

"I do not know," replied Winthrop, with a puzzled air.

"You do not know!" exclaimed Kate, in astonishment.

"No, I was shot down without warning. I heard the sharp report of the rifle, then felt the burning sensation of the bullet tearing through my side, and then—I knew no more, until I awoke from my swoon a minute ago."

"I can not understand it," said Kate, thoughtfully.

"Nor can I. I have not an enemy in the world, that I know of, and here too in the West I am a stranger; have only been here a few days; hardly time enough to make acquaintances, let alone enemies. Perhaps, though, it was one of the savages that attacked me; to them, all white men are foes."

"No Indian bullet stretched you on the earth," said Kate, decidedly. "Had it been an Indian that shot you, he would have taken your scalp, instantly, as a trophy of victory; such is the custom of the red-men. You must have been insensible for some time when I reached your side, for quite a little pool of blood, that had flowed from your wound, was on the ground, and, as I came up, a huge gray wolf stole away into the thicket, and a crow winged its flight up through the tree-tops. Had there been Indians near, the wolf and crow would not have been by your side."

Winthrop shuddered when he thought of what his fate would have been but for the timely arrival of the girl.

"It is all a mystery to me," Winthrop said, absently. "I can not understand why any one should desire my death."

"And whoever attempted your life has a white skin, and not a red one; of that, you may be sure," said Kate, decidedly.

"I can not guess the riddle."

Then for the first time to Winthrop's mind came the thought of Virginia Treveling.

"And Miss Treveling?" he exclaimed.

Kate looked at him in wonder. She could not understand the meaning of the exclamation.

"Miss Treveling?" she said.

"Yes; was she not with me, when you discovered me, helpless?"

"No," said Kate, in utter astonishment.

"Why, this is a greater mystery than even the attack on me. Miss Treveling was with me in the ravine when I was shot."

"She was?"

"Yes; what could have become of her?"

"I can not guess."

"Could she have returned to Point Pleasant for assistance?"

"She would not have left you to bleed to death."

"You did not see her?"

"No."

"Would you have met had she gone to the station? Did you come from that direction?"

"No, I entered the ravine from the east by an old Indian trail."

"And my rifle, my knife?" exclaimed Winthrop, glancing around the room, as though he expected to see his weapons in some corner.

"There were no weapons near you."

"I have it at last—a clue to this mysterious attack," exclaimed Winthrop, excitedly. "Miss Treveling has been carried off. The ruffians, whoever they are, shot me down that they might secure her."

As he spoke, in Kate's mind came the dreadful suspicion that her father, the renegade, might have had something to do with the attack on Winthrop; but then in an instant she dismissed the thought as unworthy of belief, for her father had not acted toward the wounded man as if he had been his assassin.

"There are many wild and dangerous characters on the borders of the Ohio. Men whose lawless lives have driven them from civilization to the forest wilds; yet I should not think that there would be any one of them desperate enough to seize upon General Treveling's daughter, nor can I understand what they would gain by so doing."

"You are sure that the attacking party were not Indians?"

"Yes; first, because they would have taken your scalp; second, there is now peace along the Ohio border between the white men and the red, although no one can tell how soon the tomahawk will be again uplifted." The words of her father, the renegade, relative to the Indian expedition, were fresh in her mind as she spoke.

"I am certain that I was shot down like a dog, without mercy, that she might be carried away. The pain of my wound is nothing now to the pain in my heart when I think of what may be her fate."

Deep with anguish were the tones that came from the lips of the young man, and sorrowful was the cloud that darkened his face.

Mournfully Kate gazed upon him, but she spoke not.

"Lady, you can judge of my suffering when I tell you that Virginia Treveling is my plighted wife. The words binding her life to mine had just passed her lips when the shot of the assassin struck me to her feet."

Each word that he spoke was like a dagger-thrust to Kate. She felt a deathlike faintness come over her, but with an effort that tried all her powers, she repressed the agony that was tearing her heart.

"She is to be your wife?" she said, rising.

"Yes."

"I will find her! If she is within a hundred miles of the Ohio, wood, swamp, or village shall not hide her from me." She snatched her rifle from the wall and in a moment was gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

VIRGINIA'S ESCAPE.

ALONE, a helpless captive in the hands of the dreaded red-men, Virginia felt that her situation was indeed a terrible one. Then, too, she had seen her lover fall, helpless, at her feet, struck down by the fatal shot of the ambush. What his fate had been, even if he had not been killed outright by the ball that tore him from her arms and laid him prostrate on the earth, it was not difficult to guess. The red warriors rarely spared a fallen foe, and, in imagination, she saw the fair-haired scalp of the man she loved so well, dangling at the girdle of some brawny Indian chief.

With such thoughts as these passing rapidly through her mind, the terror of her situation was doubly increased.

On a rude bench that stood in a corner of the cabin, Virginia sat, motionless as a statue, and wept many a bitter tear.

What her fate was to be, she understood only too well. A girl reared on the border, she understood the customs of the savages that claimed the valley of the Ohio as their own. And over her soul crept a sickening fear when she thought of the life that was in store for her, a slave to some Indian brute.

There was little chance of rescue. A miracle alone could save her.

A low knock at the door roused her from her abstraction.

How long she had remained in the cabin she could not tell, but she knew that some hours must have passed away.

The cabin door opened slowly and a man dressed in frontier fashion entered, cautiously.

It was the man who had called himself Benton. Of course he was unknown to the girl. Benton had washed off the war-paint, and appeared a white man, as he was.

A cry of joy rose to Virginia's lips, and she sprung to her feet, but at a sign of caution from him she restrained herself.

To her face a white man gave hope of deliverance. She had little suspicion that all her captors were of her own color and not of the dusky hue of the savage.

"Be silent and cautious," said Benton, in a whisper; "a word above a breath may cost both of us our lives."

"You will save me from the hands of these terrible savages?" murmured the girl.

"Yes, I will try to," replied Benton, "but it will be a task of danger. You must follow my instructions to the letter or we will never escape the toils that surround us."

"I will do so," replied Virginia, quickly.

"Come, then; tread cautiously. The savages have left but one man to guard the house and he has fallen asleep in the thicket."

Then Benton led the way from the house, and the girl followed, cautiously.

The two passed close to where Bob Tier-son lay in the bushes, fast asleep.

Benton, in leaving the flask of potent corn-juice with the worthy Bob, had rightly calculated that Bob would speedily dispose of the contents and get gloriously drunk on the same.

The trap that the swartly-skinned stranger had laid had caught the redoubtable Bob, and once he had fallen into deep and heavy slumber, it was an easy task for Benton to remove the prisoner from the log-cabin.

Benton had fastened the bar again across the door of the house, so that it seemed all secure, and left no trace of the prisoner's escape.

When they had passed across the little clearing and gained the shelter of the wood, Benton halted.

"Now, young lady, I must take you in my arms and carry you for a little while, so that the ground shall bear no traces by which you may be tracked and recaptured. These red-skins have the scent of a bloodhound and the moment they discover your escape they will scour the country for miles around in search of you. Therefore, for your safety as well as for my own, we must leave, in border parlance, a blind trail."

"Adopt any method that you please to secure my escape from these terrible savages and I will bless you for it," said Virginia, earnestly.

Benton raised the light figure of the girl in his strong arms as though she had been a child, and then rapidly threaded his way through the forest.

The course that Benton followed led toward the Ohio and ran parallel with the Kanawha.

For some thirty minutes, with rapid steps, Benton went onward, making his way through the thicket without doubt or hesitation, as if he was perfectly familiar with the country.

At the end of the thirty minutes he halted on the edge of a little clearing, close by the bank of the Kanawha. In the center of the clearing stood a little log-cabin, something like the one which had held Virginia a prisoner.

This cabin, too, like the other, was deserted. The perpetual danger existing of Indian attacks had caused the settlers to seek the protection of the station.

"There, young lady, this must be your home for a little while," said Benton, as he strode into the cabin and placed Virginia upon her feet.

"Must I remain here?" asked the girl, in wonder.

"Yes, for a short time," replied Benton.

"But why not take me at once to Point Pleasant?"

"Why, it would probably cost both of us our lives should we attempt to reach the station at present," replied Benton. "The woods between here and the mouth of the river are swarming with red-skins. You can judge how bold they are, when they dared to attack and carry you off from so near the station."

Virginia had little idea that one of her captors, one of the "red-men," was even then speaking to her.

"Did you see my capture in the ravine?"

"Yes, I was concealed in the bushes. I did not dare to show myself, for the savages were too strong. But I followed, hoping to get the chance by cunning to get you out of their hands."

"And the young man that was with me?"

Virginia asked, tremblingly. She wished to learn the truth, yet feared to.

"He was killed by the shot that struck him, fired by one of the Indians," and Benton spoke what he believed to be the truth. He did not believe it possible that Winthrop could have survived his wound.

Virginia's heart sunk within her at the fatal news. Her lover dead, she felt almost willing to die too.

"You remain here and I will go at once to Point Pleasant, find your father, tell him where you are, and then with a party strong enough to cope with the red-skins, he can come and rescue you."

The plan was reasonable enough, and Virginia could find no fault with it, though she trembled to remain alone in the cabin while the woods around swarmed with hostile Indians.

"Suppose the savages should discover my retreat, while you are absent?" Virginia asked.

"There is very little danger of that. All the Indians, with the exception of the party that captured you, have kept on the other side of the Kanawha. There is nothing to bring them on this side of the river. Keep within the shelter of the house. I will return by nightfall with your father and his friends."

"Heaven will reward you, sir, I am sure, for this kindness to a helpless girl," said Virginia, earnestly.

"I hope so," replied Benton, with a grim smile upon his sallow face. Then he left the house, crossed the clearing, and disappeared in the thicket.

Virginia sunk upon her knees and poured out her heartfelt thanks to that Great Power, that was, apparently, watching so carefully over her life, and had brought a stranger to rescue her from the terrible danger that had menaced her well-being.

Poor, innocent girl, she knew not that even as she was thanking Heaven for her rescue, the snare was still close around her; that the man, whom she looked upon as a friend and deliverer, was a more deadly foe than any painted warrior that roamed the forests of the Ohio valley.

No Indian so terrible as the renegade to his country and his kin, the white-faced savage.

Once within the thicket, Benton gave vent to a grim laugh of triumph.

"The bird is in the net, and yet she imagines that she is free! Oh, this will be

a glorious vengeance. Once before, years ago, I made the heart of my enemy writhe with anguish, and now again I tear it. And this cunning plotter, Mordock, would use me as his tool. In yonder settlement for the moment I was in his power. Had he but spoken my name aloud, the settlers would have torn me to pieces with as little mercy as the wolves show to the wounded deer. But here, in the free woods, the tide of affairs are changed. Here I own no man as master.

On through the forest, retracing his steps toward the cabin where Virginia had been confined, he went.

"Watega's death I can not understand," he said, musingly, communing with himself as he walked onward. "Can it be possible that there is a spirit-form that haunts the woods and marks the Indians for his prey? It is almost beyond belief, and yet, there is no disputing the terrible evidence of his hand. Watega was a great brave; few warriors in the Shawnee tribe as good as he, and yet, he falls by the hand of this Wolf Demon, apparently without even a struggle for his life, if the words of Kenton can be believed, and he always speaks the truth. Can it be that it is some borderer in disguise that is doing this terrible work? No, that is improbable. Is it then a fiend from below that walks the earth in this dreadful shape? It is beyond my comprehension. I'd like to have him within rifle range once, though; I'd soon prove whether the Wolf Demon be a demon indeed, or a mortal in a wolf's skin."

Proceeding rapidly onward with his swinging stride, Benton soon reached the cabin again. Bob was, as he had left him, fast asleep in the bushes.

The events that followed the arrival of Clement Mordock—how he found the cabin deserted and his prisoner gone—we have already related.

"Well, dog-gone my cats, if 'tain't funny," said Bob, scratching his head, in wonder. "I can not account for it!" cried Mordock, angrily.

"I wonder if this air clearin' 's got any spooks 'round it?" said Bob, with a nervous glance about him.

"One thing is certain, the girl is gone," observed Benton.

"Yes, but how?" exclaimed Mordock. "Maybe she clumb out of the roof," suggested Bob.

"The roof is tight, you fool!" said Mordock, angrily.

"You needn't bite a feller's head off 'cos he opened it," growled Bob.

"Let us search the forest; she may be concealed near here," Mordock said.

We have omitted to state that Benton had replaced the war-paint upon his face before coming again to the little clearing.

"That will be your best plan," observed Benton. "I wish you luck," and as he spoke he turned upon his heel to depart.

"You are not going?" Mordock asked.

"Yes, I have kept my word with you and did what I promised, and now my way lies different from yours."

"Well, I'll keep your secret."

"What do I care, now that I am outside of the stockade of Point Pleasant, whether you do or not? Here, in the woods, I fear no man," and, with the haughty speech, the stranger departed. His form was soon lost to view amid the foliage of the forest.

"Well, he's a cuss now, anyway," said Bob, looking after the stranger, in astonishment.

"A man better to have for a friend than an enemy," said Mordock, quietly; "but, come, let us see if we can not discover some traces of the girl."

At the end of an hour, the two were no wiser than when they began.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A TERRIBLE FRIEND.

Boone gazed in astonishment at the tall figure that, in spite of the gloom that enshrouded the interior of the Indian wigwam, he could distinguish standing in the center of the lodge.

With noiseless steps the dark form moved to the door of the wigwam and listened for a moment. Then it lifted the skin that served for a door and peered out into the gloom of the night.

"Who the deuce can it be?" mused Boone, as, a helpless prisoner on the couch of skins, he watched the movements of the unknown.

"It ain't Kenton or Lark, I'm putty sure, 'cos it's too big for either of 'em. Who on yearth can it be? A friend, anyway, and friends are allers welcome, particularly when a feller's in such a 'tarnal tight place as I am now. I 'spect they'll roast me to-morrow, and eat me too, for that matter, if I wasn't so 'tarnal tough."

Swelling on the night-air came the distant whoops of the savages.

Apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, the unknown let fall the skin that served as the wigwam door, and again advanced to Boone.

"Say, stranger, this is a pesky fix," said Boone, in a low and cautious tone.

The unknown answered not, but knelt by the side of the prostrate man.

Then Boone felt two powerful arms seize him and roll him over on his side. As the hands of the mysterious stranger touched him, Boone felt a cold shiver creep all over him. The hands of the stranger seemed to be armed with claws like the paws of a beast!

"Jerusalem, stranger!" muttered Boone, "you ought to cut your finger-nails; they stick right into a feller; and why didn't you tell me to turn over? I kin do that well enough, although I am in a pesky fix hyer."

Then Boone heard the slight grating noise that a knife makes cutting through leather.

The old hunter guessed the truth in an instant. The mysterious unknown was cutting the thongs that bound his arms.

"Go ahead, stranger!" cried Boone, cautiously; "you don't say much, but you work well."

A moment more and the bonds that bound Boone's arms loosened. The tension gone, the stout deerskin covered by the keen-edged steel, and the arms of the hunter were free.

With a grunt of relief, Boone stretched his arms in the air. Confined as they had been, the sensation of freedom was a pleasant one.

As carelessly the hunter extended his arms in the air, one of his hands touched the arm of the stranger. Again a cold shiver came over Boone.

"By hooky!" he muttered, to himself; "either your hunting-shirt's made of bear-skin, or else you've more hair on your arm than I have on my head. I don't understand this riddle a bit; but it's a friend, anyway, whoever he is."

Then the stranger cut the thongs that bound Boone's feet.

Again the hand of the stranger touched the hunter, and again it seemed to him, as if that hand was armed with the claws of an animal.

"I wish the durned critter could say something," muttered Boone, slightly uneasy. "If he wasn't acting so much like a human I should think that it was a pet 'lar that had got hold on me."

The stranger rose to his feet.

Boone followed his example.

"It's a pleasant thing to be free, stranger," Boone said, trying to look into the face of the strange being who had come so aptly to his rescue. But the gloom of the wigwam hid the face and form of the unknown with an ebony mask.

Besides, too, the unknown had taken a couple of blankets from a lot that lay in the corner of the wigwam, and wrapped one around his waist and the other over his head, when he had first entered the lodge.

The stranger stooped, took up another blanket, and gave it to Boone's hands. The unknown seemed to possess the cat-like faculty of seeing in the dark.

As he gave the blanket into Boone's grasp, again his hand touched that of the hunter.

"By jingo! his finger-nails are awful," muttered the hunter, to himself. "If his toe-nails are as long, I shouldn't like to have him for a bedfellow. If he kicked any, he'd scratch a man half to death."

The unknown took hold of a corner of Boone's blanket and raised it a little in the air.

Boone understood what the unknown meant in an instant.

"You want me to put it round my head, eh, so as to kiver up my face?"

A vigorous tug at the blanket answered the hunter.

"I 's'pose you mean yes by that, hey?"

Then a second tug came.

"All right, I understand," said Boone; "but why in thunder can't you speak and let a feller know what you mean?"

The stranger moved to the door of the wigwam, still keeping his hold on the corner of Boone's blanket. The old hunter followed him.

At the door the unknown paused for a moment, as if to listen.

"Goin' right through the Injin village?" said Boone, in astonishment.

The stranger answered as before, by a vigorous tug at the blanket.

"Why in thunder don't you answer a feller?" asked the hunter, thoroughly puzzled at the strange silence of the unknown who had come so timely to his rescue.

The stranger replied not, but raised the skin that hung at the door and passed out into the darkness of the night.

"I'll see who it is, or what it is when we get outside," muttered Boone, to himself. "He acts more like a brute than a human. Durned if I like a man that can't answer a civil question. There's a moon, so I can see what sort of a critter he is; but, by jingo! the same light that shows him to me will also show us to the Injins."

This is goin' to be a narrow squeeze."

But the unknown had no idea of issuing from the door of the wigwam into the Indian village.

A single glance had shown the stranger that three stalwart warriors, sented a few paces from the lodge, kept vigilant watch upon it.

Still keeping his hold upon the blanket, the mysterious being who had so astonished the old hunter, by his silence, moved with noiseless step across the wigwam to the back of it, where he, by aid of his knife, had gained entrance to it. Boone, guided by the movement of the blanket—for it was almost too dark to distinguish forms—followed.

"Well, now, this is sense," said Boone, approvingly; "we may stand a chance to get clear of the red heathen."

Boone felt that the stranger was lifting his corner of the blanket into the air, then he flung it over Boone's head.

"Wrap my head up? Of course; that's

a cute dodge," and the hunter chuckled to himself. "If any of the pizen Shawnees happen to see me, they won't be able to tell me from one of their own tribe with my head kivered up, 'cos my legs are kivered with buck-skin leggings, same as their own."

Boone wrapped the blanket carelessly round his head, Indian fashion.

Then the stranger, who seemed to be able to distinguish the movements of the hunter, in spite of the darkness, passed through the hole he had previously cut in the skins that formed the side of the Indian lodge, and gained the open air.

Boone followed.

"Now I kin see who it is," muttered Boone, as he emerged into the air from the confines of the lodge.

But, even as he spoke, a great, black cloud came rapidly over the face of the moon and veiled its silvery rays of light from the earth.

All that Boone could make out in the darkness was, that, by his side, was standing a stalwart form, even overtopping himself in height, tall as he was. But the form was wrapped so completely in Indian blankets from the head to the feet, that the hunter could distinguish neither feature nor limb.

"Well, dog-gone my persimmons!" said the hunter, in disgust, "I'd like to see what and who the critter is, that I'm owing my life to."

The stranger listened, intently, for a moment.

In the position the two were standing, the lodge completely hid them from the view of the village. In front of them ran the turbid waters of the Scioto.

The stranger moved, slowly and cautiously, to the bank of the river.

Boone noticed that his footfall gave out no sound, and that, too, he moved with a singular motion unlike the gait of a human. The hunter could see this despite the darkness that surrounded them.

"Jerusalem, what on yearth is this critter, anyway?" muttered the hunter, in amazement. "He stands on his feet like a man, and he walks with the waddle of a 'lar."

Boone, stout woodman as he was, tried in courage, a man that laughed at danger and faced death coolly and without shrinking, felt a cold shiver come over him as he watched the movements of the mysterious being who was so free in his actions and so sparing of his words.

The old hunter could not understand the peculiar feeling that was so gradually stealing over him. The hair upon his head seemed ready to bristle with fright.

"I feel as if I had jumped into an ice-cold river," muttered Boone, with a half-shiver.

For a moment he took his eyes from the dark form before him; when he looked again, the form was gone. Naught before him broke the denseness of the gloom.

The hunter rubbed his eyes in wonder.

"Jerusalem!" he muttered, "is it a spook after all?" The hair upon his head rose in fright as the thought crossed his mind.

Then Boone proceeded cautiously onward.

A few paces and he stood upon the river's bank. The waters of the stream, now low—it was in the summer-time—were some feet below the surface of the bank. One walking by the side of the water, would be concealed from the view of any one on the level plain above, by the overhanging bank.

Here was an easy solution to the mystery of the strange disappearance of Boone's silent friend. He had stepped from the level down the slope to the side of the stream, and thus hid by the bank had seemed to disappear.

But Boone was loth to adopt this explanation of the riddle; besides, as he stepped down the bank to the water's edge, he could not distinguish the dark form of the stranger anywhere.

"It was a spook, sure," muttered Boone; "but, I may as well be making tracks for the settlement."

Concealed by the bank, Boone proceeded onward until his progress was stopped by an unexpected obstacle.

He had come to the watering-place for the Indian horses. A road had been cut through the bank to the water, and in the road sat a brawny Shawnee warrior.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 35.)

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THE OTHER SHORE.

BY LUCIUS C. GREENWOOD.

Waves, bring ye no message for me?
Here, with a longing heart I stand,
What sayest thou in thy murmurs, sea,
While falling tears sink in the sand?
Oh, waves, roll back, and take my tears
Over with thee, and calm my fears!

I long for home and those I left;
It seems their voices I can hear;
But of their smiles I am bereft,
And oh, for them I weep a tear!
While the moon's tender rays of light
Beam on the sea, I love thy sight!

Waves, is what I hear a greeting
Of the ones for whom I long?
Speak they of the longed-for meeting?
Oh, tell me in your mournful song:
Sing on, lulling the heart to rest,
That throbs so wildly in my breast.

When evening's somber shadows come,
Thy strand I seek, and meditate;
And when sleep thy white ghosts of foam,
I linger till the hours grow late;
Thinking of, and longing for
The dear ones on the other shore.

The Heart of Fire: OR, MOTHER vs. DAUGHTER. A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A TERRIBLE SURPRISE.

It was on the night following the one whereon the stormy interview between Mrs. Middough and Bertrand had taken place.

Lurrie sat in her boudoir. Before her was a full-length mirror, that reflected back her form.

In the glass Lurrie watched herself. A smile of triumph was on her face, as in the glass she saw the reflection of her own beautiful features.

"It is nearly time for Kelford to come," she murmured, musing, twining her fingers as she spoke, caressingly, in the shining, golden curls that stole, coquettishly, down upon the pure white forehead. "Will I triumph? Can I make him love me?" And as she put the question a smile upon the face reflected in the mirror answered it. "Yes, I can make him love me. I am sure of it. If he comes, before he leaves this room I will have him at my feet, and from the floor will I raise him to my arms. But I am this old man's wife!" And as she spoke, an angry cloud came over her face.

"What of that?" she cried, impatiently. "Can I not find some way to free myself from the chains that bind me to him, if I succeed in winning the love of the idol of my heart? Yes, I am sure that I can. Kelford must—he shall love me. He must forget this pale-faced girl, who does not know the value of the love she spurns."

Strange how the memory of that girl's face affects me whenever I think of it. The sight of her face recalls to me the old, old time when I, a merry, sinless child, played about my mother's knee. And now, what am I? A desperate, reckless woman. A hard fortune has made me what I am; had I been differently situated in life, possibly I might have been a better creature. But there is yet time to change my way of life. In the future I will be different. The love of Edmund Kelford shall make me a better woman. I will strive to be worthy of him; strive to be the angel that my face says I am, rather than the devil that my heart has made me. But one task more—to free myself from this old man. Oh! how I loathe him! I shudder at his caresses. Then a long dream of peace and love."

Over her face came a holy calm; the blue eyes, now soft and loving in their look, gave no sign of the fire that lurked within their depths. "The blighting presence of Bertrand Tasmor is forever removed from my life-path. How easy it was to destroy this man who so pitilessly assailed me! Could he have spoken the truth when he said that my child—our child—was living?" And as she asked the question a look of anguish came over her face.

"No," she said, after thinking for a moment, "I do not believe that he spoke the truth. It was but a device on his part to force me to comply with his demands. I will be sure, though. To-morrow I will employ the detective officers. If my girl is in Chicago I will find her. I am sure that I should know my child in an instant. The holy instinct of a mother is within my breast, and I'm sure that it could not be deceived."

Lurrie buried her head in the soft cushions of the arm-chair, wherein she sat, and closed her eyes as if in thought. Over her face came a smile of joy. She was dreaming—a day-dream—of the happiness that awaited her in the love of Edmund Kelford.

A slight tap at the door disturbed her reverie.

"Come in," she said, hardly stirring from her position.

The door opened, and Aimee, her maid, entered.

"A gentleman wishes to see you."

"Is it Mr. Kelford?" Lurrie asked, a slight trace of eagerness in her voice.

"Yes, ma'am," the girl replied. And as she spoke, there was a peculiar expression shining in her glittering, dark eyes that Lurrie, engrossed as she was in joy at Kelford's coming, did not notice.

"Bring him up here, please; and, Aimee, if any one else calls to-night, say I am not at home."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the girl, and then she left the apartment.

"Will the task be a difficult one to reveal the truth to him?" Lurrie questioned, musingly. "A few minutes will decide. I feel sure that I can make him love me. I wonder if he suspects the truth? He must; he is no fool. If he does guess the truth and comes, it is clear, then, that he wishes me to speak plainly. I must do it. I am not a young girl to be wooed, but a married woman, and I must be the wooer."

A low tap on the door again interrupted Lurrie's thoughts.

In obedience to her command, Aimee showed Kelford into the room, and then discreetly retired, closing the door behind her.

Kelford was habited in a complete suit of black. His face was quite pale, and a hectic spot burned in each cheek. His eyes, too, were restless and uncertain. He seemed like one under the influence of some terrible spell, and Edmund Kelford was under that influence. He knew that he was doing wrong in coming to see the fair-haired siren. There is no master in this world so terrible as passion—no slave so wretched as passion's slave.

Kelford knew full well that he was treading the path to evil, yet he blindly closed his eyes to the dreadful consequences and pressed onward; true, with wavering footsteps, yet still he went onward.

"Oh! I am so glad you have come!" exclaimed Lurrie, rising, eagerly, to receive him.

"Yes, I promised you that I would come, and I always keep my promises," replied the young man. And even as he spoke, his voice sounded in his ear hollow and unnatural.

"Pray be seated," and Lurrie wheeled the arm-chair around.

Almost mechanically, Kelford took the proffered seat.

"I shall never be able to thank you for your kindness," said Lurrie, with one of her brightest smiles.

Kelford felt the spells of the fair-haired, blue-eyed beauty weaving their web of enchantment around his heart. The subtle poison of human passion, inflamed by youth and beauty—woman's witchery—was filling every vein. One safeguard alone had he, the memory of Pearl Cudlipp's sweet, innocent face. That face, pure as the face of a saint, "niched in cathedral aisles." But that pure memory was fading slowly from his mind. The bright face of the siren before him, radiant in youth and beauty, fresh in its loveliness, and beaming full of tenderness on him, was slowly, but surely, blotting out the remembrance of the other.

"I am sure that I have never shown you any kindness to call for especial mention," said Kelford, slowly.

"But you have shown yourself to be my friend, and, Heaven knows, I need friends bad enough," Lurrie replied, with a sigh, and as she cast down her beautiful eyes, Kelford noticed that a tear-drop glistened on the golden lashes.

No influence in this world so quick to reach a man's heart as the tears of a woman.

"You are in trouble, then?" he asked.

"Have you forgotten what I told you last night?" she said, raising her lustrous eyes again to his face.

"No, no," replied Kelford, quickly.

"Is not that trouble, then? What can produce greater agony in a woman's heart than to discover that she is bound for life to a man whom, in her soul, she feels that she can not love; but I am wrong; there is a more intense agony possible, and that is, when, bound in such chains, she meets the man that she feels she can love—that she does love with all the passion of her nature."

"But, that love is sin," said Kelford, making a brave effort to keep in the right path.

"And does that knowledge quench the love? No!" cried Lurrie, quickly. "I know that I am doing wrong not to love my husband. I know that it is sinful to let this other love take free possession of my nature, but I can not help it. It is in my heart. I can not disguise the truth from myself, and I will not from you. I am in passion's chains. I do not love my husband, and I do love this other man. It is my fate, and who can resist their fate?"

"Avoid the presence of this man; do not see him; then the love, not being fed by sight of him, will die within your heart." Kelford was striving hard to do right and give the counsel that a good and honest man should give.

"When that love dies then I will die too," replied Lurrie, sadly.

"Better, perhaps, that you should die than live with this guilty passion in your heart." Kelford was fighting the good fight, bravely.

"Perhaps so; yet, if it is my nature to love, am I to blame?" And Lurrie looked full into Kelford's face as she spoke. "Shall I not rather blame this man whose dangerous fascinations have made me love him—yes, love him in spite of myself? I have struggled against this sinful love. I have tried to banish it from my heart, but my will is powerless against it. What then shall I do?"

Kelford was sorely puzzled. He half wished that he had not ventured to brave the consequences of this interview. He

had come, strong in the determination to do what was right—to advise the wife of the old sailor as he would have advised a dear sister. But now he felt his resolution yielding; the spells of witchery were about his heart. He felt as if he was wandering in the mazes of a dream.

"I do not know how to advise you," Kelford said, slowly, "except that, when you are in the presence of this man, you must try to crush this feeling that you say you have in your heart toward him."

"And how can I crush that?"

"Think of the duty—the love you owe your husband."

"When I am by the side of the man I love, I can think of nothing but him," cried Lurrie, quickly. "You do not understand my position in regard to my husband. I have never loved him as a wife should love her husband. I was dazzled by his wealth and the luxury that he promised should surround me. He has kept his word. All that money can purchase he has given me; but all the money that there is in this great city will not compensate me for the absence of the love without which I can not live. Now—too late—oh, fatal words! I discover the truth. I feel that I can not live without love. Now, I hate my husband. I would rather have a snake coil its slimy folds around me than to feel the arms of the man whom, before the minister, I swore to love, honor and obey." Wildly came the words from her lips.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Kelford.

"If merely hearing of the agony makes you say that it is terrible, what must it be to me who suffer it? Even now, in spite of the world, in spite of every thing that I hold dear, I would leave my husband—break the vows that I have taken, and follow this man faithfully, even though poverty and toil attended the path."

"Lurrie, you must not speak this way," said Kelford, rising in agitation.

"Shall I speak falsely, then, and conceal the truth that is in my heart?" she demanded, facing him with fire; not the fire of anger, but of passion.

"Oh, I do not know what to say!" groaned Kelford, in agony.

"Why? Have you guessed the truth? Have you guessed who the man is that I love—love better than I do my own soul? I prove that by being willing to give away my hope of my soul's salvation for the sake of that love." And Lurrie extended her hands earnestly toward Kelford as she spoke.

"Yes, I have guessed it," Kelford murmured, slowly.

"Then I may confess the truth. Edmund Kelford, you are the man I love! For your sake I will leave husband, all, and go with you, if you bid me so to do. Oh, Edmund, can you not love me?"

And as, with outstretched arms, Lurrie approached the young man, the door behind her that led into her bedchamber opened suddenly, and there in the doorway, with a face purple with passion, stood Captain Middough, and, smiling with the smile of a demon over his shoulder, were the bronzed features of Bertrand Tasnor!

CHAPTER XXXII.

A HOLLOW TRUCE.

Lurrie's face became as white as the face of one stricken with sudden death, when she turned and looked upon her husband.

The hot blood swept into Kelford's cheeks and temples. Never in all his life had he felt so thoroughly ashamed of himself.

It was evident that the old captain had overheard all. His face, purple with passion, and the big veins, swelling out like whip-cords on his forehead, showed that he fully understood how basely and cruelly he had been deceived.

But the bitterest gall to Lurrie was that her foe, Bertrand Tasnor, lived, and was a witness to her disgrace.

The lurid light was flashing from her eyes as undauntedly she faced her angry husband.

"Oh, you vile woman! have you no shame?" the captain cried, in accents hoarse with rage, as Lurrie faced him. "By heaven, I should strike you, woman and wife though you are, and lay you dead at my feet!"

With uplifted hand the old man advanced, as if to execute his menace upon her.

Kelford, transfixed with shame and horror, felt as if he was rooted to the spot where he stood. And Bertrand made no movement to restrain the angry man. He was gloating over the agony of Lurrie's position. Her shame was joy to him.

Lurrie stirred not, but with angry eyes looked upon her husband's face. She seemed not to fear, but rather to invite the blow.

The captain glared upon her for a moment. His anger swelling in every vein choked his utterance. Vainly he strove to speak.

A few hoarse sounds came, gutturally, from his throat. His face grew more and more purple. Convulsively he tore open his shirt at the throat, as if the slight pressure of the neck-band was choking him. He gasped for breath—his stalwart form swayed to and fro, and then, with a convulsive groan, he fell forward on his face to the carpet, moaned once or twice, then rolled over on his back, dead!

"Merciful heaven!" cried Kelford, "he is dead!" then, with a cry of horror, the young man fled from the room.

Over Lurrie's face swept an expression of joy, while Bertrand's bronzed features wore a look of blank dismay. The blow he had planned so carefully, and which he intended should prove Lurrie's ruin, had been defeated by the sudden death of the old captain. The very means he had adopted to humble her had resulted in her triumph.

"Ah, Bertrand Tasnor!" she cried, in wicked glee; "you see that fate itself befriends me. My husband is dead. I am free and I owe that freedom to you."

Even in the dark presence of death itself, Lurrie gloated over her triumph.

"Curses on the luck!" Bertrand muttered between his firm-set teeth.

"And now leave this house!" cried Lurrie, imperiously, and she waved her hand toward the door as she spoke.

"Do not be alarmed; I have no wish to enjoy your charming society any longer than I can possibly help," he said, grimly, moving to the door. "One consolation, though, remains for me. Though you are free, and I have contributed to that freedom, yet you are a beggar, compared to what you were. But a small part of the captain's wealth will come to you. There, at any rate, I triumph."

"You do not triumph at all, Bertrand Tasnor," and Lurrie laughed, exultingly, as she spoke. "The captain was an old man, liable to die at any moment. Do you suppose, even for a single instant, that I have not thought of such an event and provided against the evil that it would inflict upon me? You think too poorly of me, Bertrand. You should know me better. Captain Middough has made a will. In that will I am left the sole heir to all that he has in the world. You are beaten again. I can thank you that this old man, to whom I was bound, is dead, and that I now shall enjoy with my freedom all that his life could have given me."

Without a word, Bertrand turned upon his heel and left the room. He had been defeated at all points. The mine, fired by his own hand, had damaged only himself. Bitter, indeed, were his thoughts, and angry were his brows as he descended from the scene of death.

"I am free!" cried Lurrie, exultingly, "free to win the love of Edmund Kelford! He can not blame me for this terrible scene, for it was my love for him that provoked it."

Then Lurrie summoned the household.

Wild was her grief over the body of her husband when surrounded by the servants. The sudden death of Captain Middough surprised no one.

A man well advanced in years, and naturally full-blooded, that he should be stricken with apoplexy, was not to be wondered at.

Captain Middough was followed to the tomb by a large concourse of Chicago's best citizens.

The deep grief of the young and beautiful widow touched every heart. That she sincerely loved the old captain was patent to all.

No money was spared in the funeral, and a magnificent marble shaft bearing the simple sentence, "My husband," marked the spot where lay the body of the old sailor.

The young widow did all that she could to show the world how much she loved the memory of the lost one.

Oh! the mockeries of this life! Lurrie, the widow of the old sailor, young and beautiful, and worth, in her own right, over two hundred thousand dollars, was far more respected and admired than she had been as the wife of the captain.

Money is a golden mask; what does it not hide? It makes the old young; the ugly beautiful, and wraps a mantle of innocence over the scarlet breast of crime.

It was some three days after the burial of the old captain, that Lurrie, seated in her boudoir, received a message that a gentleman desired to see her on particular business.

On entering the parlor, to her astonishment, she found that the "gentleman" was Bertrand Tasnor.

The ex-road-agent was habited in a plain, dark suit, and looked every inch the gentleman, forming quite a contrast to his former roughness of dress.

Lurrie frowned when she saw who her visitor was.

"You here?" she said, in an angry tone.

"Of course," replied Bertrand, coolly; "what more natural than for an old friend like myself to call upon and condole with you upon the loss that you have met?" There was a slight touch of sarcasm in Bertrand's voice; Lurrie's keen ear detected it at once.

Bertrand Tasnor, instantly explain your business—that is, if you have any with me, which I doubt—or else I will call the servants to eject you from the house."

Bertrand listened with a calm smile to the threat.

"A great deal of the tiger about you as well as the angel, eh, Lurrie?" he said; "but, I have business with you," he continued. "I suppose it is useless to speak of the past. We were once lovers, Lurrie, and then, as if by magic, the love turned to hate and we were foes. Years passed on. I came back to Chicago, little dreaming that such a person as Lurrie Casper was in existence. Fate brought us together again—together as foes, for the hate had lasted if the love had been gyanescent. Twice you sought my life. First by steel, second by the vapor of gas. Both times

you failed. Then, for the third time, you essayed to kill me by means of your worthy father and two ruffians hired by him for the purpose. They waylaid me at night on the Madison street bridge. I was alone, unarmed. It was a narrow squeeze for life. What do you suppose saved me?"

"The devil who protects your life!" cried Lurrie, in anger.

"You are right; I was saved by evil hands, not by good. The men that your father employed to kill me were old acquaintances of mine. Many a deed of blood had they done under my leadership in the mines of Montana. So that, when on the bridge their hands were raised to strike, they discovered that their victim was their old leader, Captain Death, as they used to call me in far-western mountains, and they paused. A few words explained all. I thought it better that you should think me dead than living, so I told them to deceive your father, and to swear that they had killed me. Besides, I needed the money which you were to pay for my death, for the two fellows were only too glad to have me again for a leader, and offered to turn one-half of the plunder over to me if I would join with them. So you see, Lurrie, I am strong now. Three desperate pair of hands, with a head like mine to plan out the work, can do a great deal."

"I do not fear you," said Lurrie, scornfully. "I own I have tried to kill you, and I am sorry that I have failed. But, in the future, I shall trouble you no more unless you attack me. Whatever my past life may have been, I mean that my future one shall be blameless."

"You are honest in your speech; I can't deny that. I suppose after a reasonable time elapses you will marry this young Kelford, and in his arms find sweet forgetfulness for all the misery of the past."

"Perhaps so," replied Lurrie, dryly.

"It is to aid you to accomplish this laudable purpose, that I have come to see you to-day."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; like you, Lurrie, I am tired of waging war. Let there be peace between us. You have money. I need some of it. I can aid you and will, if you pay me for it."

"How?"

"You have a rival, Lurrie, for the love of Edmund Kelford. A dangerous one, too, for she is a young, pretty and innocent girl. More than that, this man loves her and she loves him. The love this Kelford feels for you is more animal passion than true love. Once let him discover that this girl does love him, and where will be your chance of winning him?"

"But, this girl does not love him."

"You are generally well-informed, Lurrie, but here you are in error. The girl does love him. For some few days he has not seen her. She pines over his absence. Her cheek is pale, and the dark circles around her eyes tell of sleepless and of tearful nights. Now, let them come together; the girl at one single word of love from his lips will confess the truth; tell him that he is loved in return. Then your castle of happiness that you have built in the air will tumble to atoms."

"But, how can you aid me in this?" Lurrie asked, with a thoughtful brow.

"I can remove the girl—put her where mortal eyes will never more look upon her face," said Bertrand, lowly.

"What! kill her?" And Lurrie's face was dark as night.

"Yes; give me five hundred dollars and the girl shall never come between you and this man."

"I will do it!" cried Lurrie, suddenly; "to gain his love I would dare every thing. But, this shall be my last act of crime. Hereafter my life shall be spotless."

"That is what we poor humans always say," said Bertrand, rising. "One more, and I am done; but, that one more brings a dozen others in its train."

"It will not be so with me," said Lurrie, firmly. "When will this be done?"

"To-night. The girl Pearl leaves her shop about nine; we'll waylay her as she crosses the bridge—the very same spot where I was to have met my death."

"One word, Bertrand. At our last meeting you spoke of my child. Does she live?"

"No, I lied to you. Or, rather, I do not know whether she is living or dead, any more than you do." As Bertrand left the room, there was a peculiar smile upon his face—a smile wherein triumph was plainly written.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MURDER.

Bertrand at the foot of the stairs met Aimee.

"Bertrand, I have discovered something," she said, mysteriously.

"Indeed, and what is it?" he asked.

"Mrs. Middough is a wealthy woman."

"That is not a discovery; every one knows that."

"Yes, but a great part of that wealth she keeps here."

"Ah!" and the manner in which he spoke the simple exclamation told plainly how important he considered the discovery.

"In a little safe in her bedchamber, she has thirty thousand dollars in Government bonds, and a thousand or so in greenbacks."

"A nice little sum," said Bertrand, thoughtfully.

"Yes, is it not?"

"If you and I had that sum, Aimee, we might go to Europe, and leave this cursed country to take care of itself." Bertrand spoke carelessly, but he watched the face of the girl keenly, as he gave utterance to the words.

"If we had it?" and the girl's eyes gleamed as she spoke. "Why not take it?"

"Yes, but how?"

"She carries the key of the safe in her pocket-book. How easy to wait until she is asleep, then steal that key, open the safe, and the valuables will be ours." Aimee brought her lips close to Bertrand's ear as she spoke.

"An excellent idea; we will carry it out. I shall come to the house to-morrow night to see Mrs. Middough. After I have finished the business that I have with her, I'll pretend to leave the house, but you can hide me somewhere, and in the still hours of the night, when all are buried in slumber, we can carry out our plan."

"Yes, I will remember."

Then they parted and Bertrand left the house.

"Now, by my patron saint, the devil, all works well for me. This angel-fiend with all her cunning has something of the fool in her nature," he muttered, as he walked slowly down the avenue. "She thinks that I am willing to be her tool—I, that am her master, by right. She will know me better before forty hours are over. By that time she will have felt the vengeance that I am about to execute upon her. Like Sampson, her own hands will pull destruction down upon her head. How nicely she fell into the trap! How eagerly she accepted my offer! Yet, how could she guess that that offer concealed a deadly blow aimed at her by my hand? To-morrow night she shall feel my vengeance, feel it keenly, too, if my plans work well. A fortune, too, is in my grasp. It would be strange, if, after all these years of bitter struggling with so much misfortune, I should suddenly, by one blow, seize upon the wealth I crave. 'Who knows?' as the Mexicans say. The future looks bright. Why should I not strike a 'lead' of luck in this vein of mischance in which I have so long been working? I'll try it, at any rate. And now to see my precious partners. There is a lucky chance that saved me the other night. As Lurrie says, it does seem as if the devil looked after me. They say he never deserts his own, and I'm sure that I'm a bright and shining light among his chosen ones."

Then, for a short time, he walked on apparently busy in thought, pulling the ends of his long mustache reflectively.

"I suppose I must take the girl," he muttered. "I don't see how I can get the money very well without her. Bah! I hate these women. They're always been the cause of all my ill-luck. Their love brings no good-fortune to me. It astonishes me sometimes to see how they cling to me, even when they must know that I care nothing for them. I suppose it's in their nature to love something. There's no such thing in my nature, though," and Bertrand laughed as he spoke.

He was right. His nature knew no such word as love, although he was sometimes swayed by passion's fires.

Bertrand took his way to Wells street. He found the two roughs, Goff and Bedford, in the same low saloon where old Casper had sought for them. With the two was the hunchback boy, Riek, who had faithfully followed the fortunes of Bertrand, whom he looked upon as a god among men.

"Well, boys," said Bertrand, as he entered, "I've got a job on hand."

"What is it, cap?" asked Goff.

"A gal to be put out of the way."

"And the price?"

"Five hundred."

"A werry tidy little swag," said Bedford, with a grin.

"Yes, and we can earn it easy, too."

"How so, cap?"

"This girl works in a dressmaker's shop on Clark street near Madison. She lives over on the west side in Halstead street. She leaves the shop about nine o'clock at night. Now, we must lay in wait for her, and when she is crossing the bridge, we must do the job."

"Why, that's the same place where we lay for you!" Goff exclaimed.

"Yes, I know it," Bertrand replied.

"How shall we finish her?" Goff asked.

"That is what we must decide now," said Bertrand, thoughtfully.

"Nine o'clock, you know, is pretty early," observed Goff.

"Yes, and there's likely to be a lot of people 'round," said Bedford, continuing the speech.

"You are right; we must think of some way to do it quietly and without exciting attention, in case there should happen to be any one near us," Bertrand replied.

"She'll squeal like blazes, you know, if we don't finish her right off," Bedford said.

"That's so, and these women kick up a precious row, sometimes," continued Goff.

"Yes, but we mustn't give her a chance to make any row. She must be settled both quietly and quickly."

"But, how are you a-goin' to do it?" asked Goff.

"I have it!" cried Bertrand, suddenly; "we must knock her overboard into the river. Once in the water, in the darkness, she will never be rescued, but will surely drown."

"Why, the smell of it is enough to kill any one, let alone the water," said Goff, with an air of disgust. It was evident that he had not the best possible opinion of the famous Chicago "river."

"That plan will work, I am sure, and we shall run no risk of being detected. We can make her fall into the water appear the result of no design on our part."

"How so?" Goff asked.

"I will explain. We must watch the girl when she leaves the shop, and track her to the bridge. I will get in the center of the bridge and advance to meet her as she is crossing. You, Goff, will follow close behind her, and then, when she meets me, we'll close in suddenly upon her, throw her over the low railing into the water beneath; that will be easy enough, for it can be done in a second, and before she can guess our purpose."

"And what am I to do?" asked Bedford.

"You will follow a little way behind Goff. Then, if any stranger comes behind you, why, you can stop him on some pretense, ask him the way to some place, or the time of night, and so keep him from coming near enough to see our attack on the girl."

"Yes, I'll ask him the way to the 'Armory' (the Chicago Tombs); 'I don't know where that is,' said Bedford, with a grin.

"You, Riek, will be on my side of the bridge, and pursue the same course with any one that approaches from the direction of the west side. The moment we throw the girl over, we will cry out 'a suicide!' and raise the alarm. It is only one chance out of ten thousand of her being saved, for the night will be dark and she will probably be stunned on striking the water. We will say that, as she was passing the center of the bridge, she suddenly sprang over the railing. And you, Bedford and Riek, if you are near enough to see any thing, can also swear that you saw her leap over the railing. Of course, there is no apparent object why we should wish harm to the girl, and I do not think that there will be the slightest suspicion that we had any thing to do with her death."

"Oh, it will work like a mine!" cried Bedford, in glee.

"We shall finger the five hundred easy!" exclaimed Goff, joyfully.

The four remained in the saloon till about eight o'clock, and then set out upon their murder quest.

First they went to the little dressmaker's shop in Clark street. Within the shop they could see Pearl, their destined victim, sewing, steadily.

Bertrand had spoken but the truth when he had said that the girl was greatly changed.

A few days had made a wonderful difference in the face of Pearl Culdripp. The roses bloomed no longer in the cheeks, and the luster had faded from the large gray eyes.

The girl looked quite ill.

Pearl left the shop just as the clocks were striking nine.

The four desperate characters followed upon her footsteps.

But the four were not the only ones who watched Pearl on her homeward road.

Kelford and his friend, Wirt Middough, had also been in waiting for the young girl, and they, too, followed.

Despite his friend's advice, Kelford would not show himself to the girl; for, in truth, he felt ashamed that he had neglected her, and he knew that he would show that shame in his face.

Had Kelford guessed the terrible danger that awaited the girl he loved, he would not have so quietly walked behind her.

Pearl hastened onward with rapid steps as usual.

The four plotters had assumed their places according to the programme drawn out by Bertrand.

The girl had nearly reached the center of the bridge. Kelford and Wirt, following behind, had just stepped upon the bridge when they were accosted and brought to a halt by Tommy Bedford, who wanted to know if they could direct him to the Illinois Central Depot.

Kelford was explaining the way thither, when he heard a slight scream proceeding from the darkness that veiled in the center of the bridge. A moment after, and the sound of a dull splash in the water below the bridge fell upon their ears.

"By golly! that gal must have jumped into the water!" cried Tommy, in affected astonishment.

"Help! a woman's jumped into the river," cried Bertrand's loud voice from the middle of the bridge.

The three ran to the center of the bridge. One glance Kelford gave at the inky surface below, and then plunged, headlong, into the stream.

Attracted by the cries, a crowd commenced to gather on the bridge, and a boat from a coal-barge, that lay just above the bridge, put out into the stream, manned by the watchmen of the barge.

Kelford had succeeded in finding the girl, and, aided by the boatman, bore the senseless form of Pearl to the dock.

Eagerly the crowd bent over the wet and motionless figure.

The rays of the lantern flashed upon a face that showed no sign of life.

"She is dead!" cried Kelford, in despair. Bertrand's voice retched the cry.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 30.)

Saturday Journal

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Again Heard From!

AGILE PENNE IN A NEW FIELD!

The long silence of the exquisite narrator of City Life Scenes, *Agile Penne*, is accounted for by his reappearance as a serial writer. We have in hand, ready for issue in the coming number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, a City Life romance, characterized by the great beauty of story which is the author's distinguishing quality, but a beauty so elaborated and multiplied—a story so living, real, personal—and a train of events so woven with mystery, wrong and passion—that it will be like a sunburst out of the heavens of this beautiful "Indian Summer" that, as we write, floods all the land.

Involving a powerful "cast of characters," as the dramatists say, the romance is fairly luminous with the love and faith which are its master motif—the love of a Child of the Street, for one dreadfully given to the poisoned bowl, but who, by such love is exalted to the noblest manhood again. Such power has love!

But, the strange fortunes of this Child of the Streets, open up a drama of remarkable, strange, weird interest, and develop a life history only possible in a Great City where men's virtues as well as their crimes find an astonishing growth. The whole system of the SECRET DETECTIVE SERVICE is brought into the undercurrent of the story, showing its terrible power to unearth the most subtly laid schemes, that, in this respect alone, the new novel would arrest attention and afford unbounded satisfaction to its reader. That *AGILE PENNE* is a master-hand in City life portraiture has already been confessed; but, by this production the writer proves himself equally a master of plot, character and circumstance.

MAKE WAY FOR THE NEW STAR!

To commence in the next Issue!

Agile Penne's Great Romance, ORPHAN NELL,

The Orange-Girl; OR, The Lost Heir of the Livingstones.

LOOK OUT FOR IT!

Contributors and Correspondents.

Can not use COBBING THE COOK.—The sketch, TIT FOR TAT, is not just what our readers want.

Will use OWASA'S WARNING, MYRLE'S HEROISM and RIBERA'S DOOM.

Also sketches: "Set up" WITH A GRIZZLY; HOW CHARLEY DUNLOP WON HIS WIFE; THE DEAD FIRE HUNT; THE TELL-TALE BULLET.

Can not find place for ADVENTURE ON THE RIO GRANDE and RALPH WARNER'S PERIL. We have on hand as much of that class of matter as it is desirable to place on file. WARREN BY RUM we noticed last week. The author failed to remit stamps for their prompt return.

Poem, YOU KISSED ME, is passionate enough to make us wish it were better—not the kiss but the composition. It is defective rhythmically. The author can do better, we are sure.

MSS. by A. D. MITCHELL, Mass., of no avail, and no stamps for return. Authors who say "stamps are inclosed" and yet do not inclose them, are very numerous. Why? MSS. not preserved.

Will use SLANG. The point is well made. We return MS. WHITE HUNTER.

Can make no use of poem, LINES, by E. H. L. Shall have to return TRIFLES I, II, and other MSS. by J. G. M., Jr. ACCEPTED, and poem, SUMMER STREAM, will keep for use.

FATHER and SON we shall have to return. It is a good local story, and will suit papers of city circulation very well.

Will use A WOMAN'S DARING.—Ditto TRIFLES, by Smithers, the Showman.—Ditto sketches, MANAIO'S RETREAT; A LIFE WRECKED; CARL GRANGER REVENGED; THE DEATH BELL.—Must say no to WHAT SHE WAS SAYING, FROM and TWARTED BY A CORPSE.—Will try and find place for poem CHRISTMAS CHIMES, and story, BOUGHT AT AUCTION.—Will use WAS IT A WARNING? and CIMBSON CROSS.

JOHNNY. We do not print "songs" for other parties. Write to some printer for their prices. The matter you submit is utterly worthless.

VERMILION KNIGHT is informed that he did not inclose stamps for return of his MS., which is unavailable.

St. JOHN. Have written, explaining our reasons for not checking your MSS., and expect to hear from you again.

T. P. S., Jr. Notwithstanding what you say, no stamps, nor any address, accompanied DOUBLE DIVORCE. The poem and sketch last remitted we return, along with D. D.

E. S. G. We can not find time to give you the opinion and advice asked. We are not teachers. If you are but fourteen years old you have ample time for study under proper auspices.

Poem, LISTENING TO THE RAIN DROPS, is, like the author's last offering, very unequal in the merit of its several stanzas, and rhythm is imperfect. The writer never will succeed as a poet until he obtains a correct knowledge of the proper art and construction of verse.

Foolsap Papers.

The Siege of Metz.

[We commend this graphic account of the siege of Metz to our readers on account of its originality. It is a new page in History.—ED. JOURNAL.]

On the morning of the—or to be precise, on the morning that preceded the day which came after it, General Benzine jumped out of his bed, without the usual ceremony of waking up, seized a slate-pencil and wrote to the Brown Crinice, with his compliments, that he would be at home that day and didn't care if he would knock at his door with ball; or if he wished he could call in upon him, provided he left his family at home, and that he was ready to exchange civilities or prisoners at any time. He dispatched an officer with this, as easy as with a sword, and went to blacking his boots and shaving himself in the bottom of a tin pan till the Brown Crinice's answer came, stating that he would announce his coming with his patent knockers, sixty-four pounders, but that he couldn't think of leaving his family at home. Benzine ordered an extra charge to be put in his bottle, and ordered the gunners to stand by their guns according to Gunter, and the inhabitants to take in their houses as there was likely to be a storm.

The bombardment began about two inches after seven o'clock by the Brown Crinice shooting a sixty-four pound cannon over the walls, whereat Benzine ordered all his one hundred and forty-five pound servants to be discharged, which created great slaughter in the Prussian ranks, and Prussic Acid went down forty per cent, by the quart. After an hour's private firing the firing became general, with a large salary, and the doings of Prussian Blue became very offensive to those who were on the defensive, and so enraged Benzine that he tapped a fresh keg of wine under the mistaken idea that a winner would be a winner, and then set his jugglers all around to catch thunder and balls as they came over, and to spit on the bombshells as they fell, or carry them down to the river and put them out by putting them in the water. One man was struck by a circumstance and severely killed, close to Benzine's side, who immediately ordered his gunners to shoot nothing into the Prussian ranks but bad eggs, thinking they would have the same effect as Greek fire; but when the egg-shells began to explode in the enemy's camp, Benzine's theory exploded, too, for, instead of running away, or throwing down their arms and holding their noses, they all rushed to the spot, believing there was a fresh arrival of Limburger cheese.

Benzine then ordered four corps to charge the enemy for drinks all around—he commanded them to go, but didn't go to command them. They made a sort of a sortie, and drove the Prussians into the necessity of taking the most of them to board during the war, and the balance of those corps wasn't a very live corpse as it were—so to speak. Benzine, seeing he had the Prussians just where he didn't want them, sat down and wrote the Brown Crinice a letter, which he sent to him by the way of San Francisco, authorizing him—the Brown Crinice—to send him his sword; the Brown Crinice dispatched back by the Atlantic cable that he couldn't send his sword, but he would continue to send him what balls he had on hand, and would even press him to take them.

Meanwhile the perfect storm of grape and canister continued to fall upon the devoted house-tops in Metz, and ran down the spouts, flooding the gutters, and threatening an inundation; and the inhabitants and soldiers were obliged to go about with umbrellas, and the Chatham street Jews did a thriving business, and the very bottles got so patriotic they shed their last drops, and bombshells took to going down chimneys and stirring up the fires in the fire-places, and rolling around the room in a manner that was very interesting to small families of children. The Prussians had been poured through the gate had it not been for the trusty gate-keeper, who kept them away with a pop-gun, because they hadn't tickets. They charged bayonets on the walls and broke most of them short off, and, at one time, would have scaled them as easily as they could scale a fish, but they found the ladders they brought had no rungs in them; and they were informed that there was no saurkraut in Metz, nor lager beer.

All day the firing lasted, with the exception of fifteen minutes for dinner, and a few occasional moments for drinks; and when the night fell, and Metz didn't, the Brown Crinice thought he would do better to furnish the soldiers in Metz with kerosene lamps, as they were more destructive than cannon. But when the firing ceased, this day's battle was over. Metz had been taken by surprise, but not by the Prussians; which order they afterward reversed, and which I beg to leave to J. Scabbott to chronicle, as I don't like to write any thing I don't like.

Yours, for sanguinity and pen-guinity,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORSE.

FACES.

In this homily I shall endeavor to be facetious and efface any wrinkles that may deface your faces. We all know what our features are made for, and this is to show you what they are not made for. Nature never intended that our eyes should be used to peep through keyholes to see whether Mr. A. scolded his wife because he found a button loose on his shirt; or to find out whether Mrs. B. threatened her liege lord with a divorce if he didn't get her a new bonnet. They were not made for the purpose of trying to discover whether Mrs. Allicorrect *did* actually keep the picture of her first lover (whom she didn't marry) in her bureau. Do you suppose they were set in our heads for the sole purpose of having them pry into other folks' business? I guess they were. When Mrs. Bobtoes pops in about dinner-time, don't I know she casts her optics over my dinner-table in hopes to see whether we live as well by ourselves as when we have company? Her eyes will take in the whole thing at one glance, and, ten to one, she'll report all through the neighborhood that we don't use sugar except for company, just because I happened to forget to put the sugar-bowl on. Now, how is that for eye?

The Nose. I don't believe in the advice of "Follow your nose," because I have generally noticed that it is sure to lead you into other people's business, and I tell you that, if you have roast turkey, and you have for a neighbor a woman whose olfactories are pretty keen, she'll be downright sure to scent it, and will come in with the complaint—"I do wish, Miss Lawless, I could afford to dine on turkeys, and you always seem to have them, and they do smell so nice. I really think I should die in the poor-house if I were to use so much butter for basting, but you always do seem to prosper, and get time to write for the papers." Of course I tell her I write for the SATURDAY JOURNAL only. Well, this nose of hers pokes about until it is a Christian charity to ask her to remain to dinner. During that meal, in the course of conversation, it turns out that this woman, who is too poor to have turkeys, and has ever a vision of the poor-house before her if she uses a speck of butter, has just purchased a new set of furs. That is what I call starving the stomach for the sake of clothing the body—a thing I won't do. Not if I nose it.

Ears. I don't think Shakespeare himself would have said to Miss Flappers: "Lend me your ears," for they always hear what they hadn't ought to, and it is a most singular incident that her ears don't catch the right sound at all, and her mistakes are of the most whimsical kind.

I told her once that the *Transcript* had republished a story called "Preaching for Selwyn," and she reported it that "strawberries and peaches were selling well in *Transcript*." Another time I told her that a magician called Professor Choate had been performing sleight-of-hand tricks. I was surprised at so many persons calling to inquire about my health, but my astonishment vanished when I learned that Miss F. had remarked that "I said I choked myself by swallowing a piece of ham thick." After that I was very careful what I said, but I devoutly wished Miss Flappers would be consigned to a situation as boat-steerer on the Ear-rie canal.

Months. I often wonder what gossips would do without a month. They would doubtless talk less about their neighbors' business and attend to their own, and not come to you and ask, when you take a boarder, whether she pays her board regularly or not—how long she is going to stay, and whether her great-grandfather "died" in the Revolution, and, if so, on which side? I don't mean you, reader; but I do mean somebody. Now, let me say to you, in a Spurgeon manner, shut your eyes to what doesn't concern you; keep your noses out of other people's business; let your ears hear only what is proper, and *always* set your mouths against kissing, 'cause mustaches tickle so.

EVE LAWLESS.

"ACCEPTED."

"ACCEPTED." So mote it be. We have given you the "Respectfully declined" phase of the matter. Here we have its opposite. I think I see some young head bending over his weekly, just received. How sharp the eyes seem as they scan the column headed "To Contributors and Correspondents"! Like the young man who saw the exquisite form and luscious cheeks of the maid with the elegant bend, at the haberdasher's, he exclaims, as he comes across his *nom de plume*, "I have found my fate!" You have, and what may be its tenor? "We may find room for it," may be the pithy expression which meets your eyes. Barely escaped from Charon, who would have borne it, with the hundred others, to the gloomy Styx beyond. Charon the editor, Styx the waste-basket.

Or, it is possible you have a less doubtful answer. You may be told your poem evinces much poetic taste, and that, though a few weak lines must be altered, before the printer can see it, so young an effort should be followed up. Well, follow it up by all means, at your leisure moments; but don't plagiarize. Where are the dozen parodists that have been? There is not the name of one who stands the slightest shadow of lasting fame, while those whose

path has been their own and separate, though oft despairing at the creation of, and sticking to, their own originality, have won the laurels of victory, and been crowned with the Olympic crown. Originate for yourself. He who imitates "hews out empty cisterns that can hold no water."

Perhaps your essay sent has been noticed fairly—very fairly—and been given an honorable place. You may be enrolled among the "rising stars," and it may be well for you to write—with moderation. If there is that in you which is pregnant of truths, and a corresponding power to express them with somewhat of Shaksperian wit, "write on"—carefully, pointedly; and ever, with an eye to the common cause, do so with a purpose honorable, beneficial. Let every sentence you pen show that you are alive to the wisdom of the lines:

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the desert land."

Your first effort may be a decided success, and the editor may say he "would like to hear from you again." Rejoice then with them that rejoice at your having made so fair a hit, but don't be carried away with every wind of praise, or every puff of editorship. Let your satisfaction cool before your pen runs away with you, and be slow, that you may succeed.

You may, to take another instance of the "Accepted," have written a very stirring poem or ballad, which, you think, should equally stir the editor's cheque into mail locomotion toward your post-office. You may have written something about "if it is [worth remuneration, but if not, take it all the same." Alas! if Poetry expected to meet with what it considers its reward, we fear the editor's coffers would be very soon empty! This is a prosy age, and we challenge any to gainsay. Half our poetry (?) is prose, a quarter nothing remarkable or new, and the balance the only genuine poetry we have.

What power does not that word "accepted" wield on the rising day and generation of young scribblers! With what a boyish pride we first see ourselves in print; and no harm in it if we can master the art of literary short-hand, and learn in time that there is often more in one short sentence than in two long ones. But of the editor I fear I can say, "Impatience lowereth in your face," so—*vale!* with a hope that my "Hints" have not fallen on barren ground. EXCELSIOR.

COMING BACK SOON!

"You are coming back soon?" Coming back! Who ever yet came back and found all things unchanged? Drive up the long-remembered roads, and you will miss here a tree, here a patch of daisies and buttercups, and here an old gray farmhouse, which you had fondly hoped would outlast your day and generation. Enter the town which was once a happy village to you, and what do you see? Only a puny little village, with the pleasant walks you used to love turned into ambitious sidewalks, and paved with the roughest of stones; with the old familiar houses and fences remodeled and new painted, till you lose all the old landmarks; with every thing changed, and you, it may be, most of all! Sit down, if you will, in your lonely room; call up the forms of those you loved, who are now scattered far away, and try to people the dusty streets with more beloved faces. Can you succeed? Is it not a poor, pale phantom that you strive to press to your aching heart? Was it wise in you, after all, this "coming back?" So writes somebody, very prettily, and, somehow, nothing we have read for many a day has had so sad and yet sweet a sound to us. There is so true and so pathetic a thought wrapped up, suggesting more than it can express. One involuntarily falls to musing, and pursues the idea far away into melancholy regions, brooded over by the pale sunlight and purple mist of Indian summer memory.

Then nothing, nothing upon earth, can ever absolutely make up for separation between those who love. They may meet again, as fond, or fonder than ever, but each has suffered an irreparable loss for which nothing in the future can atone. Each has changed, and when they meet, they are not, and can not be, what they were when they parted. One has slept when the other wakened, laughed when the other wept, wept when the other laughed—the bond of sympathy has been broken, and the gap must forever remain. "Long absence," says a writer, "like a great misfortune, has in itself a reconciling power." And the Creator has mercifully so fashioned our hearts, that this is true; but it is also true that, like a great misfortune, it leaves its ineffaceable scar.

It is not always the scene and the person whom we return to meet that have changed, so much as it is our own perception of them which has altered; and this makes another thing to be dreaded in long absence. The "daisies and buttercups, the old gray farm-house," are even as you left them, but you gaze upon them with different eyes. The face of the one you love has not altered, but you see it in a different light; its relations to you are not the same. To foredo the long partings of parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, seem to us sad, and then the death-bed farewell—a pain, a risk, which should not be lightly incurred. A man tears away the clinging tendrils

of his heart from the soil of home, goes far away, transports them to a foreign soil, where, after drooping and sickly years, they become acclimated, and flourish, perhaps, as vigorously as ever; but they are not the same bloom of the soul, and will have a strange look to the eyes at home, which have grieved after them, if they ever return. He may go away empty-handed, and come back with the golden bowl of fortune in his grasp, but the power to enjoy the draught may have perished, and all that would have made it sweet be turned into bitterness, so that he has lost more than he has gained.

"What matters it if a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" There are many soul-losses besides that fatal one here referred to—losses which no earthly prosperity ever can make up—losses more melancholy than any wreck of material fortunes—and it is these losses which make "coming back!" so sad a thing.

Oh, thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenanted;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

THEIR simplicity and cheapness do not measure the amount of happiness they confer. In cities there are many temptations to spend the long winter evenings away from home, and, at the same time, to spend money and health with reckless extravagance. But the majority of our readers could not, if they would, go out five or six nights of the week to the concert, lecture, ball-room, theater, or opera. Their places are beside the glowing hearthstones of the country, where, although peace and plenty abound, there may be danger of dullness and ennui, leading to ill-temper, or carping, or, what is just as bad, indifference, monotony, and dissatisfaction. Cultivate home amusements. Every thing which brings cheerfulness, gaiety, and delight to the home circle, should be courted. It is not only the hearts of the children which are made merry, but the rosy-cheeked daughters, tall enough to expect occasional visits from their sweethearts, and the brown-faced youths, who might otherwise be idling about the village shops, who grow smiling and content where the influences of home are cordial and fruitful, while the hearts of the "old folks" grow young to witness the innocent hilarity which prevails.

Mothers, if you wish your sons to be steeled against the temptations which beset them in their out-door life—sisters, if you love the company, converse, and affectionate regards of your brothers—make home a place of pleasant associations and harmless amusement, and you will bind them as with a golden chain.

READ AND GROW BLIND.

A great deal of attention is now being given to the evil reading of fine print. The mania for cheap books has induced publishers to print the contents of three ordinary volumes in one by the use of exceedingly small type. These books are called "Diamond Editions." It is now the received opinion in all intelligent circles that the reading of fine print is doing a vast deal of harm, especially to the eyes of the young. Nearsightedness is now so common as to excite no attention, and yet it ought to create alarm, for it is a visible result of what comes of nervous overwork of the delicate organism of the eye.

But, nearsightedness is only the beginning of the injury wrought by fine prints; early decay of sight is a second result sure to ensue. It is now a common thing to find persons of thirty-five years compelled to use eyeglasses, to help their failing vision!

In an article on this question the N. Y. Independent contains this statement:
"We know a young girl, of an apparently healthy body, who by one short reading at twilight in a book of fine print so lost the use of her eyes that for two years she was able to read only by carefully measured and diminished intervals of a few moments each, and for the rest of her life she will be obliged to exercise the greatest caution and forbearance. Such deprivation as this is nothing less than a degree of being blind."

If this be the danger of reading fine print in books, what must follow reading the fine type and badly-printed papers of some of our "popular weeklies." The effort to crowd their columns with a "new story each week," compels the use of diamond type, and they thus accomplish the feat of giving matter, good, bad and indifferent, sufficient to spoil the eyes of young readers and to make the old folks throw aside their paper in dismay.

Brevier type is the proper size for easy and safe reading. It is small enough to give, in one eight-page journal, all the matter that a person will care to read in the course of a week, and if this matter be well chosen, and carefully edited, it is worth far more, and will give far greater satisfaction than one-quarter more words from ill-assorted manuscripts printed in little type on cheap paper, with the muddy impression of some fast cylinder press.

THE CHOICEST OF ALL THE WEEKLIES.

A BROKEN DREAM.

BY HAL LOWELL.

From out its covert hiding-place—
A well-worn casket, quaintly rare—
I take a noble, pictured face,
Some letters, and a ring of hair.
O'er which these tears of mine oft fall—
A blither, unavailing stream;
Oh, tender face and curl! ye all
Are fragments of a broken dream!
A dream too beautiful to last,
I whisper in my dreamy prayer,
A vision of a dear, dear past,
Oh, wondrous eyes and waving hair!
I sadly read the letters o'er,
Then place them with the picture there,
Yet still they haunt me evermore—
These tender eyes—this tress of hair!

Christine's Stylish Lover.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Of course I love you, dear Harry, dearly; but then, but then, I'd love you better yet if you were a little different; a little more—well—oh! you know what I mean!" Christine Imbercourt looked up in her lover's face with a half-deprecating glance; for, truth to tell, she was just a wee trifle afraid of the tall, handsome man.
But, there was no cause for fear now; he only smiled, in supreme indifference, down into her pretty, flushed, anxious face.
"What is there about me, Chrissie, you want changed? Am I too ugly, or—?"
"You know you are just perfectly handsome, Harry Armitage!"
Then he laughed outright.
"Oh! I am, am I? It can't be on that score then that I am odious to you."
Christine's lip quivered when he said that.
"Harry! as if you ever could be odious to me! No, you are perfect, all except this: you ain't quite—now please don't be angry, but, Harry, darling, if you only were more stylish, you know. Just a wee bit; the least bit in the world."
She laid her fairy little fingers on his coat-sleeve, and glanced up at him to see if he were offended.
"Why, Chrissie, I always had an idea I was dreadful stylish! I'm sure my clothes all come direct from Devlin, cut by measure; and my boots from—what's his name there on Broadway."
"I know! I know, Harry! it isn't that, for you do dress so nice! but it is the air, you know. The elegant, easy nonchalance you lack, that is so delicious."
"Like Mr. Septimus de Cambellenti, you mean?"
He was looking very grave.
"Nonsense, Harry! as if there was such a person."
"But, I mean him for a regular dandy."
"But I don't want you to be a dandy, regular or irregular. Only I do wish you would go down to Aunt Howard's a month or so before we are married, and see how the gentlemen do there. You do look so uneasy when you are in a ball-room. I pity you!"
There was a faint little frown of anger on Harry Armitage's forehead, for he was not pleased at Christine's criticism. And yet, he loved her so dearly—so entirely that he could forgive her for this overweening love she had for what the world calls "style," forgive her, and possibly cure her of it.
Little Christine Imbercourt had only known Harry Armitage since May; and now it was November, and the Imbercourts were going back to New York, to prepare for Christine's wedding, with which they were all so pleased.
"Well, my dearest, if you think I need improving, I'll go down and let the Howards try their skill upon me."
And so, when the Imbercourts unpacked their trunks in the large town house on Lexington avenue, Harry Armitage was comfortably ensconced in the family of the Howards, on the Fifth avenue.
"You must come down to see me every night," Christine had said, when they parted.
"That won't do," Harry thought to himself, as he sat smoking, with his feet on the mantel; "I see I must begin at once if I would show little Chrissie her foolishness. Much as I dislike to forego the pleasure, I shall be obliged to do so."
So there he sat and smoked all that evening away, until Frank Howard joined him about eleven.
The next day he wrote a note to Christine; and this is what he said:
"DEAR CHRISTINE: You must pardon me for not coming to you last evening; but, another pressing engagement forbade.
"Yours most truly, HENRY ARMITAGE."
It was quite an effort for the warm-hearted lover to frame those polite, yet kind words; and he seemed more than half inclined to tear it to fragments. But, he did not; and, after it was dispatched, he dressed himself, and rode out into the country with Frank Howard.
Meanwhile, at the Imbercourt mansion, Christine was sitting, most exquisitely dressed in her pink cashmere wrapper, waiting for Harry, feeling confident he would come and explain why he had been so negligent the evening before.
Then the note came, and she began to wonder what change had come over her devoted lover.
"It never can be those horrid Howard girls!"
But the quick paling of her cheeks betokened the hold the sudden idea had taken of her.
"If that Florence Howard should take my Harry away from me!"
All that day she was thinking of that; and, when she came down to the parlor that evening, she could hardly hide her eager watchfulness whenever the door opened.
But, Harry Armitage did not call that evening, nor the next, nor the next.

"I never saw such a change; never! and I can't say that I altogether like it."
Mrs. Imbercourt was sitting among the cushions of her azure silk fauteuil, closely scanning Harry Armitage as he entered the parlor.
Beside her was her oldest daughter, Olive; to her she had spoken.
"Not I, mamma. What can have come over him? He has neglected Chrissie shamefully of late. Why, he hasn't been near us for at least a fortnight. And just look at his hair!"
Harry had entered the room, leaning on young Howard's arm, with a bow or a careless word to several acquaintances he saw.

Christine went to welcome him, a light-colored color on her pretty face.
"Oh, Harry, where have you been? I want to see you so—"

He cut her short by one of his unexceptionable bows.
"Not quite so demonstrative, my dear Miss Christine. I regretted exceedingly my inability to wait upon you; but, as I said, my time has been so occupied, and by the most urgent engagements, that it was simply impossible for me to come. You are well, Miss Christine, I hope?"

She looked up at his face; but he was as serious and handsome as ever; and yet, so different! He gave her no chance to express her wonder.
"I see Mrs. Imbercourt and Miss Olive. Come, Miss Christine, while I pay my devoirs. Will you accept my arm?"
With a sweeping bow he offered it, and, while she took it, her heart seemed to fly to her throat.

That is an example of his conduct, not only that evening, but many evenings; and little Christine was obliged to be made love to in the most fashionably aristocratic manner, while an occasional mention of Florence Howard's name almost drove her frantic.
"You don't love me, Harry Armitage! You are punishing me for what I told you! I wish you'd act your own way again, for I am so hungry to be loved again."
Harry took her hand.
"Miss Christine, you mistake. I do love you as well as ever, and I shall hail the day when you will be all my own."

He touched his lips to her—forehead, and then led her to a sofa; only half comforted.
Alas, to poor little Christine, every thing seemed only "half" enough, unless it were the open flirtation between Harry and stylish Florence Howard, and that was more than she could bear.
"You can go and marry her, if you want, Harry Armitage; but, what you see to admire, I can't tell!"

"If you dismiss me, of course I must give you up. However, you must admit that Miss Howard is very elegant, stylish, in her manner. The truth is, Miss Christine, since you so begged me to learn to breathe the fashionable air you live on, I have found how truly you spoke when you said 'air' and 'style' were so essential to one's happiness."
Christine was bravely keeping back her tears.
"If you'd only call me 'Chrissie' once,

He put his arms around her as he used to do, as she had once begged him to. And she told him of it, then.
"You never can know what I endured all that long, long time I was convincing you that you did not really want me to play the fashionable beau. Oh, my darling, when you gave me up, that was the worst of it all. But, it's all right now, isn't it?"
"If you'll never try to convince me of anything else again—unless it is how dearly I love you."

Maud Arnold's Trial:
OR,
THE BROKEN BETROTHAL.BY MRS. M. V. VICTOR.
AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," "FIGURE EIGHT,"
"WHO OWNED THE JEWELS," ETC.CHAPTER X.
A WOMAN'S MADNESS.

It was a disagreeable surprise to the Arnolds to find, when they were a few hours out at sea, that they had Mr. Randolph for one of their fellow-passengers. They acknowledged his acquaintance only by a chilling bow, for Mrs. Arnold had revealed to her husband the false character in which the young man had appeared, though she withheld from him the deadly assault he had once made upon their daughter. The young gentleman received their coldness with humility—not presuming to intrude himself upon their notice through the early part of the voyage. But one sunny afternoon, when Mr. Arnold was leaning idly over the rail of the vessel, in a pleasant mood with himself and all the world, seeing that the weather was so propitious and his daughter so much more like her old self, the graceful Southerner ventured to approach him. With that winning candor which so quickly disarms an adversary, he reverted to the past; spoke of being left an orphan at an early age, and exposed to all the temptations which wait upon youth and riches—flattery, indulgence, the influence of gay associates—and of how he had thus been led astray into courses of life which his maturer judgment was now learning to condemn.

were bound to render him this much assistance. If they should continue to discountenance him, he might be discouraged, and say to himself, that if good people considered him irretrievably bad, he might as well become so."

All this was true enough, and Mr. Arnold would not have been the kind-hearted gentleman he was, if he had not felt so; the trouble was, in his own simplicity of character, he was incapable of fathoming the duplicity of a nature like Randolph's.

In inviting Randolph to call upon them, the father did not consider that he was renewing the right of the young man to become his daughter's suitor; he did not suppose he would aspire to this; also, Maud was now, in the eyes of her parents, an invalid, whose peculiarities of mind would prevent their encouraging any one's attentions, at present.

The family obtained suitable apartments looking on a wide and pleasant boulevard; the May weather was enchanting; and so many of their American friends were in Paris, they were soon surrounded by a gay circle which had little to do but enjoy itself. In this circle Randolph became a favorite, his name, his southern associations and his chivalric manners being quite sufficient to recommend him. In the mean time Mr. Arnold neglected to call at Guizot's flower-makers, to find if the young gentleman had duly presented his papers and been installed a member of the firm.

It was not Randolph's first visit to Paris; he was quite at home in that city, and almost as good a Frenchman as a native. Mr. Arnold, also, when in active business, had made frequent voyages to France; but Maud had not been abroad since she was quite a child, and had much to see and admire. Her parents were delighted and surprised at the genuine interest she took in what passed around her; willing to walk, ride and visit, charmed with the bright, beautiful French capital, as full of wonder and joy as a child, she was so well and blooming that it seemed useless to consult any physician in her case. That this improvement was real, and not a feverish impulse, they became convinced.

Maud, nowadays, never referred to Ward Tunnecliffe, and they believed her healed of her mental malady. They did not dream of the sweet secret which she held in her heart, the source of all her happiness and bloom.

But when a first steamer and a second ar-

"I suppose the Empress encourages their manufacture," responded Maud.

"Why, child, how absurd! But, see, there goes—"

"Who?" cried Maud, turning pale.
"Victor Hugo, himself; I know him very well, by sight."

"Pshaw!" said Maud, in a vexed tone, regaining her color.
"I thought you admired him very much."

"So I do, mamma. Which is he?" and the girl rallied, and tried to appear interested.

"He is lost in the crowd, now; you can not distinguish him."

Maud strained her eyes, but it was not the great novelist she was endeavoring to find. She "adored" Victor Hugo; but what was he to her, on that day of days, when, every moment, she expected some word, or signal, or sight of the dead alive?

Her expectations were doomed to disappointment. When, at dusk, they came back to their apartments, she had received no token of Ward's presence, nor was there any missive awaiting her. When Mr. Arnold came in, he had tickets to the theater at which Ristori was then playing.

"Come, ladies, make haste with your tea, we shall be late."

"I believe I am too tired to go out this evening father."

"Then we shall not go," said he, decidedly.

His wife saw that he had something important upon his mind, but his daughter was too engrossed with herself to notice it.
"Well, papa, I certainly do not wish to disappoint the whole party. I know that mamma has been very anxious to see Ristori. But I must dress. I will not be fifteen minutes after it."

Mrs. Arnold, whose dress required no changes, leisurely slipped her tea while Maud, calling on Marie, flew to her chamber to prepare for the evening.

"My blue silk, Marie. No; I will not touch the white one!—and those violets in the vase—place those in my hair and bosom. Let those curls fall upon my neck, just as they are now. Ward always liked my hair so," she was thinking, as she said it.

"Now, Marie, how do I look?—as well as usual?" and she gave a triumphant glance at herself in the mirror.

"Mademoiselle knows that blue is her color," said the maid, "and as for her looks, I think she must expect Mr. Randolph at the theater—her cheeks and eyes are bright, as if she expected an admirer."

"I presume Mr. Randolph will be there, but you know I do not like him, Marie," laughed Maud.

She had recovered all her spirits, which had sunk when she came home and found no word awaiting her. It now seemed to her most probable that Ward would be present in the theater, to which "all the world" was flocking, and that he would there contrive some communication with her. This hope it was which, upon second thought, had decided her to go.

While she was preparing herself, Mr. Arnold was making an exciting revelation to his wife.

"I do not know whether it is prudent to take Maud to the theater to-night, or not," he remarked, in a voice which caused Mrs. Arnold to set aside her cup and give him her full attention.

"On account of her being so fatigued?"
"No, not that. I met a person in the city to-day—the last person in the world, certainly, whom I should expect to meet."

"Well?"
"I should not like Maud to meet that person suddenly; the shock might be fatal to her."

"Who was it?"
"And he may be at the theater to-night. If it gave me such a tremendous shock, what would the effect be upon her?" musingly.

"Who can you be talking about, Mr. Arnold?"
"I'll tell you," he said, leaning forward, and speaking in a whisper. "It is Ward Tunnecliffe!"

His wife gave a slight scream. "Impossible!"

"You may well say that. Yet how can a man doubt the evidence of his own senses? I met him to-day at James Munroe & Co's Banking Office, No. 6 Rue de la Paix. He walked into the reading-room when I was there. It was broad daylight, and I saw him more plainly than I see you now. What makes me the more certain that it was he, was, that upon encountering my glance, he slightly started and colored."

"Did he seem to recognize you?"
"He bowed, went hastily to the clerk, with whom he had business, obtained some money, and went out. He would have bowed, I suppose, if he had not known me, seeing the manner in which I stared at him. I must have turned pale. If it was not he, it is the most remarkable case of resemblance that I ever knew or heard of—voice, step, manner, form, features—why, I tell you, Mrs. Arnold, it was he!"

This he said with an air as if more to convince himself than her.

"How could it be he? Of course you inquired his name?"

"No; I went to the clerk, and asked who it was, saying I was quite certain I recognized one of my New York acquaintances. He referred to his book and said the gentleman was 'David Duncan, New York City,' that he had only arrived in Paris the previous night, and had come there to register his name, and open a bank account."

"Well, Mr. Arnold," said his wife, with a sigh of relief, "you are as foolish as Maud. Doubtless this is some one who strongly resembles the late Mr. Tunnecliffe—perhaps a cousin, or other relative—and you, influenced by poor Maud's assertions and fancies, at once see the man himself. Truly, now, if Maud had never got that crotchet in her head, would you have been so quick to-day to see a dead man in a living one?"

"I really believe that it has made no difference. I tell you, wife, the resemblance is remarkable! In fact, it's Ward himself. Nothing can persuade me to the contrary. I now believe that Maud has been in the right all the time, that she has really seen him, and that her convictions have been as reasonable as mine are now. We have persecuted the poor child without cause. Why should we pursue such a strange course of action, I can not conjecture."

"I can but think that you are mistaken, Mr. Arnold."

"If it was not he, it was his ghost!"
"That's Maud over again," said his wife, impatiently. "Here is some person who happens to bear a strong—an astonishing, if you please—likeness to a dead man, and you two, at once, lose all cool power of observation, and declare that a man who has killed himself is still alive. How can Ward Tunnecliffe be alive? and why should he be



Harry, and put your arms around me like you used to do in that dear old time before you learned all this hollow foolishness!"

"Chrissie! sounds so childish; I hardly think you'd hear Miss Florence call herself 'Florrie,' charming as it sounds. As for the caress, I've left such hobbledowny behind me in that bore of a country town."

Just then he bowed to Miss Florence Howard, who was passing in her phaeton.
Little Christine's heart was very sore, and, without much thought, she snatched the ring off her finger.

"I see! I have lost you! Be it so!"
She laid the ring on his hand; he glanced quickly up, then turned away a moment; then he bowed reverently to her.

"Your will is my law, Miss Imbercourt. I bid you adieu."
And that is the way Christine's yearning for false stylishness lost her lover.

The earliest May flowers were blooming at Mrs. Imbercourt's summer residence, and thither the family had gone so early, because Christine had begged so to go; and when they saw her pale cheeks and wistful eyes, they said yes, and took her.

Everything about the place reminded her of the bygone times when she was happy in Harry Armitage's love, before she had wounded this loyal, loving heart, by her silly criticisms on a character that was now perfection in her eyes.

"I'd give all the world if he was mine again—as before the time when he learned to despise me for my folly. If he would only come to me again, as in those dear old days!"

She was sitting at the little lattice-window, from whence she had so often watched him coming through the flower-borders, whistling some merry, popular melody, with his pet dog jumping and leaping before him.

As she sat thus, watching the well-known path, a sudden cheery, jovial sound caught her ear; she glanced out—scarcely believing her own eyes.

For, there he was—her own Harry Armitage, with Rover beside him, and he was waving his handkerchief toward her, as of old!

"A flag of truce, little Chrissie! You're not afraid to come down?"
"Afraid? With starry eyes, and flushing cheeks, she sprang down the stairs into his very arms."

"I've given up being stylish, and, as Harry of old, will you let me love you again—no, not again, for I've loved you all the time, my little Chrissie!"

He confessed that he had assumed his cousin's name, in New York, with a vague idea of retrieving his fortunes by a wealthy marriage; and, delicately insinuated that it was the beauty and nobility of Miss Arnold's character which had first awakened him to a sense of his own baseness, and led him to abandon a suit to which he felt himself so unworthy a party. He stated that after leaving Newport he had returned to Baltimore only to find that the better part of his nature was thoroughly aroused; he lost all taste for his former gay and extravagant pursuits, and had finally gone to his uncle with a full confession of all his faults and follies, as practiced in New York.

His uncle had forgiven him the use of his name and influence, and finding after several months' trial, that his efforts at reform were sincere, had proposed to him that he should go into business for himself, as some settled occupation would be the surest means of diverting his mind, and keeping him from a return to his former dissipation.

As a proof of the trust he was willing to repose in him, he offered his nephew his share of a profitable partnership, which he held in the house of Guizot's, flower-makers, Paris. Randolph, senior, had transferred his interest entire to his nephew, with no other provision than that he should pay him back half the original capital at the end of five years, if he found himself abundantly able to do so. In proof of all this, young Randolph showed the papers to Mr. Arnold, who could not refuse to look at them, so humbly and graciously were they offered; nor could he withhold from the warm-hearted and candid Southerner his sympathy, and his earnest hopes that he would be able to hold to his resolutions, and be prosperous in his present career.

His good wishes were received with lavish gratitude; but the young gentleman did not yet consider himself worthy of being reinstated in the friendship of the ladies of Mr. Arnold's family, and presumed upon no such request. He did not seek to approach them even through the courtesies of the table, keeping his seat at the doctor's table, while the Arnolds were, of course, at the captain's. So much did this modesty win upon the favor of Arnold that, before they parted, on the arrival of the vessel at Havre, he invited Mr. Randolph to call occasionally at their hotel, as they should be lonely, and glad to welcome familiar faces. As he remarked, afterward, to his wife, "there was nothing so excellent for keeping young men out of bad habits as the society of really refined women; and if poor Randolph had truly set himself to the task of reform, they

rived at Havre, and Maud received no letter nor intimation of her lover's presence in Paris, her brilliant spirits began again to droop.

"It seems to me you study the passenger lists with great interest. One would think you were expecting friends," her mother remarked to her, the day after the third arrival of a ship.

Maud did not hear her; she was saying over to herself, "I swear to you that if we both live, you shall see me in Paris within a month!" The month had expired, and she had not seen him; what had happened to Ward? The paper fell listlessly from her fingers.

"You look pale this morning. I hope you are not going to be ill again," continued her mother, uneasily. "Do you see any name of friends on the passenger list?"

"No, mother," but as Maud's eye again ran over the columns, a flush rose to her face.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Arnold, who noticed the flush of recognition.

"I see no name that was familiar with," was the evasive reply, and Maud handed the paper to her mother, who scanned it carefully without finding any name she recognized.

On first reading the list, Maud had passed over this—David Duncan—for all her emotions on that night of Ward's visit had been so engrossing that she had not since recalled the direction he had given for her note. Now, however, she remembered it, and knew that Ward had come.

Where he would first present himself to her, or in what guise, she could not guess; she could scarcely conceal the flutter of expectation which kept her so restless. That day she accompanied Mrs. Arnold on a shopping expedition; in the afternoon they had a drive on the Champs Elysees; but Maud could not have told whether she purchased a red or a green silk, or in what part of the city they were driving; the answers her companions elicited were ridiculously vague, when they addressed her, expecting every instant to behold her.

"Do see that lady in the carriage with the cream-colored horses! I believe it's the Princess B—," said Mrs. Arnold, in a low voice.

"Yes, mother, it was delicious," murmured her daughter. She had caught the word "cream," and supposed she was discussing their dessert.

"How fashionable these little dogs are!—almost every carriage has one," was the next attempt of the matron.

"I do not know whether it is prudent to take Maud to the theater to-night, or not," he remarked, in a voice which caused Mrs. Arnold to set aside her cup and give him her full attention.

"On account of her being so fatigued?"
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moving about the world under a false name, making his friends so much unnecessary trouble?"

"I can no more answer these questions, than 'you can, my dear wife. All I can say is, it seemed to be he. There was some slight difference, of course. This man was thinner and darker—perhaps a trifle taller, though his thinness would give that appearance—but in all other respects he was the exact counterpart of Ward."

"Better say counterfeiter," added Mrs. Arnold. "You do not intend to mention this to our child?"

"No; I am only afraid that she, too, will meet him, and that the consequences will be dangerous. If I had had a moment for reflection, I should have addressed the person, and satisfied myself more fully. Should I again encounter him, I am resolved to compel him to disclose himself. In the mean time, I pray that Maud may not meet him."

"Perhaps we had better not go out this evening."

Just then Maud entered the room, radiant and beautiful.

"I have half resolved not to go out, since you are so tired," said her father.

"Oh, papa, I am rested now, and desire to go very much. I shall be vexed at having taken all this trouble to no purpose. I know that I am looking my best this evening, and I don't wish to

"Waste my sweetness on the desert air."

It was not often that Maud betrayed so much girlish vanity, or put on such pretty, willful ways; her father was overpersuaded by them, though secretly doubtful of the propriety of yielding.

Half an hour later, the Arnolds were in the brilliantly-lighted theater. Ristori was magnificent that night, quite entrancing Mrs. Arnold; but the secret which burned in Maud's heart, and the strange conviction which had taken possession of her father, prevented these two from yielding to the spell of the actress. The glance of both roved incessantly over the house. It was intensely annoying to Maud, when Mr. Randolph came to them, between the acts, chatting about the people and the place, and demanding her opinion of the queen of the stage. Maud had formed no opinion; and her mind was too crowded with its own hopes and fears to have room for his commonplaces. Presently, he, too, grew impatient of her indifference, as she of his presence. Leaning over her, so as to speak unheard by the other occupants of the box, he suddenly remarked, in a venomous whisper, which recalled to her vividly that scene on the sands at Newport.

"He is not in the house, Miss Arnold; so you need not grudge me a little of your complaisance."

She could only reply by a look of pale surprise.

"Ah, you change color; your conscience is not easy. You scorn me, Miss Arnold! Supposing I tell your father, who is so proud of his family honor, that Miss Maud has a secret understanding with a poor adventurer, a base cabinet-maker, a mechanic, who takes advantage of his likeness to a man she once loved, to impose upon her credulity, and betray her into a marriage, before her friends are aware of her danger? This is fortune-hunting extraordinary! It shames my poor attempts; for, Miss Arnold will do me the justice to believe, that I loved her even better than her fortune, while this fellow is guilty of every conceivable baseness."

Maud could not arrest his words, could not answer him; she grew cold, from head to foot, staring him in the eyes vacantly, while his own glittering, triumphant glance never left hers.

"He is not here to-night; but we both know that he is arrived."

She did not believe his assertions; he had not staggered her faith in Ward—and yet—and yet!—oh, that horrible doubt which just darkened the mirror of her love for an instant, and passed away. She wished to be alone; to get home—to get away from that wicked, rejoicing look of her mortal enemy, for, in that hour, she hated Randolph more than she had ever despised him.

"No, Miss Arnold," he said, softly; "I shall not leave you. I can not make me angry with you. I am resolved to protect and defend you. I came across the water with no other object than to watch the machinations of David Duncan, and save the woman I love from becoming the victim of his fraud. It is my duty to let your father understand the position in which you have placed yourself."

The orchestra was playing a fascinating overture, which had the effect to attract the attention of others, and prevent this conversation being overheard.

Maud's eyes flashed:

"It will be unnecessary, Mr. Randolph. I am quite able to take care of myself—"

"Your friends think differently," he gently suggested.

"Oh, yes," said Maud, with a bitter laugh, "some of them think me insane, I believe. Perhaps you do. But I know perfectly what I am about. If I have made any mistake, I shall be more anxious than any one else to have it corrected. It will not be necessary for you, sir, to trouble my father. I shall lay my own case before him; and, doubtless, Mr. Tunnecliffe will soon be present, in person, to support me. At all events, it can never become necessary for you to interfere in our family affairs. It will not be permitted."

"Your parents may not be so ungrateful as you, Miss Maud. They may feel themselves under deep obligations to one who shall interfere between a child laboring under a mental disease, and an unprincipled adventurer."

Maud shrank under the infliction of these subtle stings. Here was this man addressing her in a tone of assumed superiority, as if she were, indeed, a mad or foolish child, who must be watched as one not capable of self-government. Self-respect would not allow her to reply to him; she turned to the stage, as if ignoring his presence. Again he bent over her:

"One word more, of friendly advice. Do not confess to your parents the mistake you have made. It will only confirm them in their fears as to your mental state. I believe you sane enough, and the victim of this person's strange resemblance to another, and his intention to deceive you. But if you tell your parents how far you have been fooled, especially if you grow excited, and declare this adventurer to be, in truth, the dead Ward Tunnecliffe, do you not see in what danger you place yourself? It will probably end in your being turned over to a Parisian mad-house. My advice to you is, to say nothing to your friends; but when David Duncan contrives to keep his appointment with you, that you at once assure him that you have at last discovered the fraud he is practicing, and will deliver him over to the proper authorities if he continues to persecute you further."

Finding that Maud made no reply to this, he concluded:

"I do not expect that you will judge my motives generously. But I have pointed out what I regard as the safest course for you. If you are discreet you will follow it," and with a bow to her and Mrs. Arnold he returned to his seat.

Maud did not know when the play ended. She arose with the others, mechanically, took her father's arm, and was placed by him in the carriage. Her brain felt heated, weary, and dizzy. Was she, indeed, going mad? She asked herself this question over and over, each time feeling less assured as to the answer her own reason gave her. Perhaps she was going mad. Perhaps her friends were correct in their fears for her. How had Randolph learned of the understanding between her and Ward Tunnecliffe? How did he know of that one visit, made only the evening before he and she left New York? How had he so swiftly made his own arrangements to accompany her? How long had he been on the track of this David Duncan? What did he know in support of his assertions? Could it be that what he had said was true? Was she the victim of a cruel deception? More rapidly than the whirl of the carriage-wheels, these, and a hundred other questions whirled through her brain, producing confusion and weariness. Before reaching home she had resolved to tell her father all, and to obtain the benefit of his judgment and advice; he would, in a few days, at furthest, know that a Ward Tunnecliffe, real or pretended, had arisen to claim her hand—why not tell him all, that night?

From this step she was deterred by the fear that he would pronounce her insane. If he suspected her sanity, all that she might say would only damage her cause. Mr. Randolph's warning was a wise one, in that respect. Mad! Great Heaven, that she should be so humiliated! Perhaps she was mad, she mused again. Yet she had heard it said that persons becoming insane never suspected their own danger. And her heart again bounded to be free from this dreadful idea.

By the time they had alighted and ascended to the saloon, she had resolved to be silent for the present, and to allow Ward Tunnecliffe to appear and plead his own cause with her parents. She would consent to no secret marriage, nor to any further delay in his announcing himself to those who had a right to know of his existence and claims. To-morrow!—yes, to-morrow, she felt sure, he would come, and make all right.

Kissing her parents, she hastened to her own room, before they had time to remark upon her agitation.

CHAPTER XI.

A WOMAN'S CUNNING.

THE evening after the departure of the steamer which bore away the Arnolds, David Duncan was lying on the little hard hair-sofa in his landlady's "parlor." The hour was late, and he supposed the inmates of the house were all in bed, he having gained admittance with a night-key; but too restless to like the thought of his close room, he had come in here, turned up the light, and was trying to read a newspaper. Its contents, however, would make no impression on his mind, it being too full of other matter; only the passenger-list of the Havre steamer, to read which he had obtained the paper, continually stared at him.

"So Randolph is on board the same ship," he mused. "It is not by accident. I know the fellow too well. Strange that he has slipped through my fingers in this style! I thought myself a match for him. I wish, now, that I had brought matters to a crisis here; or had sailed with them. A few days will not suffice him, and I must be after them by the next steamer. He will gain nothing by his adventure. He has probably nothing in view but to

try his luck again with Miss Arnold; he thinks that in a foreign land, with no competitors, he may have better success. What a thorough rascal he is, anyhow!"

Here the door from the hall softly swung open and he was startled from his meditations by an unexpected visitor. Antoinette Sevigne came in, and, as he arose from his lazy attitude, approached smilingly, seating herself on the same sofa, and beginning with some embarrassment:

"Is it late, Mr. Duncan? I suppose it must be, but I was sitting up, sewing, when I heard you come in from out-doors, and as I did not hear you to come up ze stairs, I knew you was in ze salon. I had something so much on my mind—you will pardon me, that I came down so late?" and she gave him a half-shy, beseeching glance which would have made some men forgive her any thing.

"What is on your mind, Miss Sevigne? Our good landlady will prove an excellent counselor, if you are in trouble, I have no doubt. Not that I am not willing to serve you, but I suppose women are the best advisers for their own sex."

"I think not so," said the French girl, with a shrug of disdain. "Women, ze hate each other. I like not a woman *confidante*. But, Meester Duncan, 'tis not myself I come to you about. No, no. If I have trouble, I put it up with I have great courage. Since my father died I have grown quite accustomed to be alone—alone!" with a piteous little sigh.

"You are too tender and guileless to live alone, Miss Sevigne; you ought to marry," was the response.

Again she gave him one of those sharp glances, but he was looking down on his paper, and she could not tell how much or how little he meant.

"Ah, Meester Duncan, do not jest with Antoinette," she whispered; then, after a pause, "but you ask me not what I have come here about."

"I am waiting for you to tell me. A woman can not keep a secret long."

"If you have no curiosity to hear, I will not tell," she pouted.

At first, David had felt no desire to listen to the communication prepared for him. He read the girl as plainly as he did his paper; he knew that she was, or imagined herself, desperately in love with himself, and he had no intention of encouraging her further than was necessary to complete the links in the chain of evidence he had of her playing a bad part in a certain history. It was this purpose to obtain, unawares, her testimony, which had led him to fall so graciously into good Mrs. Farwell's plans in his behalf, and to encourage her in getting Antoinette as a boarder under her roof.

But, though not intending to persuade her into any deeper passion for himself, he did not think it prudent to chill her into anger or reserve; so he now laid aside his paper and bent toward her with an air of interest.

"What is it, Antoinette?"

"Can you not guess?"

"If it does not concern yourself, whom does it concern?"

"Who should it concern but you, David? You remember our conversation, a few evenings ago, about your resemblance to the young man who committed suicide?"

"Very well—every word of it."

She gazed straight into his eyes a moment or two, trying to read his nature by the light of her own. It was a daring proposition which she was about to make; if it should be rejected, she would have taken a false step not easily gone back upon.

"What have you on your mind, Antoinette?"

Her little dark hand fell lightly over his.

"You are ambitious, Meester Duncan; you are educated more than most men in your rank of life. Why will you stay a poor mechanic, when you might be rich and honorable—when you might have every thing?"

"How can I have it? Dear me, Miss Sevigne, if you have any royal road to fortune, pray point it out to me. I have answered a good many advertisements proposing to teach the secret, 'How to get rich,' but the recipes were all unsatisfactory."

"I do not think this would be unsatisfactory. But you would have to act with courage. All that will be necessary is the boldness to grasp and hold—do not you understand? do you not see?"

"I am still in the dark. You must speak plainly to me. You know I am terribly rough in my dealings—I have none of your French finesse."

"That is why I admire you so much," she said, softly. "But I did hope you might help me to say it—for it is a daring thing. You say, all your acquaintances say you so much resemble ze late Mr. Tunnecliffe—why not assert yourself to be him? Why not take his place, he quit so suddenly?"

There was a silence, and then the cabinet-maker asked:

"How could I do it?—such a thing would not be so easy—and what would I gain by it? Surely, Antoinette, you do not wish me to marry Miss Arnold, under such a deception, and get rich in that way?"

"No, no, no! I never thought of zat! You would not do zat?" she exclaimed, with a sudden fright in her voice. "Miss Arnold has gone to France—she sailed to-

day; and I do not believe she will ever come back; her health is poor, they say," and her voice grew more assured as she recalled these facts. "What I meant, was this: Mr. Tunnecliffe left some property to his sister, which has since become valuable. You might claim it. If you could get it, you would be a rich man. Of course, you will have to prepare your evidence, and study your lesson well. It will not do to come forward as the dead man, until you make ready much proof. You must get his handwriting and learn to imitate it; you must be familiar with his family history—I know all zat."

She spoke rapidly, leaning toward him, with a persuasive earnestness.

"Of course the ground would have to be carefully laid out," he said, after some deliberation; he had no idea of betraying to her that this plan was not new to him—that he had already advanced far on the way to its completion—above all things, that his first revelation had been made to her rival, Miss Arnold. "One would have to be cautious—and wise. You must have thought this thing over in all its aspects, Antoinette?"

"I have thought it well over. I am convinced it can be done."

"What share in the benefits do you propose to yourself, child? Surely, your interest is not purely unselfish?"

She blushed, and lowered her eyes.

"It would be quite enough for me to see you successful."

"Then you do not demand a share in the profits, though you originate the enterprise?"

"Oh, Meester Duncan!"

"Well, little one, we'll not talk about that to-night. I should not be so ungrateful as to forget my best friend. Do you propose to help me in this difficult undertaking; and if so, how?"

"I saw this in one of the morning papers, and it helped me to a plan," she said, giving him a printed slip—an advertisement for a French maid, to which was attached the name and address of Mrs. Bowen, to be answered on Monday, A. M., this being Saturday. "Above all things it will be necessary that you shall become familiar with ze leetle detail, ze small affairs of ze family—things which happened in ze past, most especially, when zis Ward Tunnecliffe was a child—and you must have some of his writing for ze coope—don't you see? If you wish, I shall apply for zis situation; when I get it, I shall be so sorrow—so sympathetic—viz ze lady for her loss of such fine brother. I shall make her talk much, I shall find out all, and I shall tell you all, so fast as I learn it. I will make her talk of old times—ze little boy's childhood, when she was baby. I shall look about very quietly, and get some old letters, and ozer things. I will work very quick and very silent. Shall I?"

There was a flush on Duncan's dark face; he shut his teeth together hard to keep back what he was near saying:

"What a little she-Lucifer it is! And she purrs as soft as the prettiest puss! Little wretch!" was what was on his tongue; but he repressed it, and instead, said thoughtfully:

"You might serve me very much indeed, in that manner. It is the most plausible method by far. Indeed, without it, I should find it hard to play the part of an impostor. And to you belongs all the credit!"

There was admiration in his tone, and she looked up with a smile. She hoped that he would say more, that he would declare that if they succeeded she would share, as his wife, in all the benefits; that he would show his appreciation of her devotion by a pressure of the hand and a kiss—any thing to betray that she was gaining over him the power she coveted.

But the grave young cabinet-maker, to whom she had succumbed more because he was indifferent to her pretty ways than from any other reason, did nothing of the kind. He arose and walked up and down the room a few moments, thinking over what had been said; then he paused before her, held out his hand and drew her up from the sofa.

"It is midnight, and we ought not to be here, Antoinette. I think favorably of your suggestion; there will be another evening between this and Monday. To-morrow, then, I will meet you here again. It will be Sunday, and we shall be alone in the evening, probably. We can then finish what we have to say."

He led her to the hall, and she ran upstairs, satisfied, yet dissatisfied. He followed slowly after, returning to his own room.

"I've heard about such women as zat," he muttered, "but I never had the pleasure of an acquaintance with one before. Her art beats the deuce! Now, if I had need of her assistance, nothing could be more admirable than the step she proposes, but I have another way of managing the business. I have gone straight to Miss Arnold, instead of attempting the Bowsens. Still, she may help me. I shall thus be able to keep her where I can find her at a moment's notice. And when the time comes to punish her for her tricks with that Randolph, I shall be able to make the punishment all the more complete. Yes, I think I shall allow the little minx to act out the part she proposes."

The result of his night's deliberations was that Antoinette Sevigne, when they

again met on the Sabbath evening, for further consultation, was encouraged in all her propositions. She was to be early in her application at Mrs. Bowen's, the following morning, for the situation of lady's maid, and she had little doubt of her success; if she obtained the situation, she was to acquire, with as little delay as possible, all the requisite knowledge of the antecedents of the Tunnecliffes by means of which David Duncan would be enabled to personate the young gentleman. It would be easy for her to communicate with Duncan once or twice a week, as he would always be at Mrs. Farwell's, on her evenings out, and they would be allowed any amount of private conversation in the little parlor, Mrs. Farwell being rejoicingly confident that an engagement existed between the young couple.

"Are you competent to play the part of lady's maid? I should think it would require a different class of accomplishment from yours," and the cabinet-maker smiled as he regarded the girl by his side.

"Ah, I will make very good maid. Madam Bowen will never have a better!" she answered, with a laugh. "My embroidery looks like painting, Meester Duncan, I assure you. I am very skillful with ze needle, and as to ze hair—look at mine! Is it not well done?"

Antoinette had beautiful black, glistening hair, and she was always very careful in its arrangement; he appreciated the coquetry of this appeal.

"Your hair, Miss Sevigne, is so fine, it could not look otherwise than charming. Perhaps this Mrs. Bowen has not such beautiful locks for you to display your taste upon."

"I have seen her, Meester Duncan. She is very pretty, her hair is like floss-silk, of a gold color; she is a blonde, very handsome, so men say, but she has no depth—no expression; she is too fair!"

"I don't fancy blonde beauties, myself," said the cabinet-maker, with a smile. "I like some spirit, some daring in a woman; I like black hair and bright eyes. So you think you will make a satisfactory maid, do you, little one?"

"Oh, I shall be very humble and patient. I shall put up wif all ze humors of madam; I shall adore her leetle boy, so like his poor, dead uncle. I shall do much nice work, and be very much liked. Never you fear! But I do not say, Meester Duncan, zat all this will be pleasant. I shall have to associate wif servants, and I must give up all my music-class, a serious loss. But I do it all most willingly, for your sake. When you get to be ze great Meester Tunnecliffe, whom all ze young ladies were so fond of, you'll not forget poor Antoinette?"

"Never! I shall never forget Antoinette. She shall have her reward. If our plans are consummated, she shall get her own price. What she demands, that she shall have."

"Your gratitude, zat will be all she will demand," was the low answer.

The girl's cheeks were flushed, and her voice trembled. David did not doubt the nature of her feelings for him, nor that they were sincere of their kind. How passionate, how engrossing they were, he did not, indeed, divine. He thought a creature of her artfulness, and who had lived a life of coquetry since she was old enough to run alone, would easily recover from any fancy she now cherished for him, when his union with another would put an end to her hopes. He had not much respect for her attachment, or perhaps, despite the part he was playing, he would not have allowed her to go on serving him. But the French girl's nature was one of those which, though untrue and bad, has a boundless capacity for devotion when it does form a true attachment.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 36.)

A Fight in the Dark.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

WHEN Florida was yet a territory, and at the time when Governor Duval was at the head of territorial affairs, it was customary for the Seminole tribe to gather at the Capital, semi-yearly, to receive good counsel and better presents from their Great Father at Washington.

At such times the old men, the warriors, the young men, and the squaws and papooses were promptly on hand, filling to their utmost capacity the lodges that had been pitched within the spacious grounds that encompassed the gubernatorial mansion round-about: and here the chiefs and warriors smoked the pipe of peace while receiving the rifles, powder, lead, blankets, etc., with which, during the intervals between their gathering together, they made relentless war upon the unfortunate whites who were exposed to their blows.

It was during one of these assemblages that the incident I am about to relate occurred, and for the better rendering of the story, I will allow the old lady, who was the principal actor therein, to tell it to my readers as she told it to me one night not long ago.

"That fall," said the old lady, "the Seminoles came in greater numbers than usual, and it was observed they were unusually 'ugly' in their ways, seemingly seeking some ground that would, in some measure, justify a general outbreak.

"We were all cautioned by the Governor to keep closely within the house—I was then staying in the State mansion—and on no account to say any thing that would give the slightest offense."

"I was then comparatively young, and, as a matter of course, fond of ornaments and jewelry, as all of us are, and was the happy possessor of the largest pair of gold ear-rings that I have ever seen, even to this day."

"Well, one afternoon as I was crossing the yard, I suddenly ran plump against a huge, savage-looking warrior who had probably been prying around to peccate, and half-frightened out of my wits, turned and started to run for the house."

"Before I had gone five paces the Indian was beside me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, looked, half smilingly, half grimly, down into my upturned face, that must have worn a powerfully pleading look."

"I saw the savage did not intend to harm me, but I was scared, nervous, and wanted to get away."

"But my big ear-rings had caught his eye, and I saw it light up into perfect gleams of avarice and longing to possess them, to him, magnificent jewel. My first impulse was to take them off and hand them over, but I was fearful of being laughed at, and so I twisted out of his grasp and fled to the house. I looked back as I entered the door, and there he stood, gazing after me with a perfectly fiendish look upon his face. He paused but a moment, and then disappeared amid the lodges."

"Fully resolved to tell the Governor my fears, for I was now really alarmed, I sought him high and low, but without success. He was off somewhere, and when he did return I had no opportunity of speaking with him privately. My room was a large, airy chamber, on the second floor, right over the main entrance, with two windows opening out upon the roof of the veranda. I had always thought them unsafe, as any one could easily mount the porch and gain access to my room, and this night I was particularly nervous about them."

"However, providing myself with an old lath hatchet that was lying about the place, and some strong nails, I went up before dark and fastened them down securely, after which I felt better, and returned to the supper-room."

"At the usual hour we all retired, I with some lingering dread of I knew not what; but still afraid of ridicule, I said nothing of the occurrence when I bade the rest good-night."

"I found my windows all safe, and after glancing nervously around the room, jumped into bed, and composed myself to sleep."

"I have neglected to say that, after nailing down my windows, I had carelessly thrown the hatchet on my bed, and here I again found it. Without knowing exactly why, I kept the weapon by me, lying on the other pillow, next the wall, though I smiled to myself at the idea of my using it, even if it became necessary. But, my young friend, none of us know ourselves until we are tried."

"I know not how long I had slept, but at length I was awakened by a tingling sensation in my uppermost ear. Thinking it was an insect of some kind, I hastily brushed it away, in doing which my hand came in contact with another hand that must have been hovering about my head."

"I need not tell you that I was frightened. I was absolutely dumb with terror, and when trying to scream, I found my tongue completely paralyzed."

"In the meanwhile I had laid perfectly quiet, involuntarily so, for I could not move, and again the hand stole up from the bedside, and I could feel it groping about as though seeking for something it could not find. Like a flash of light it broke upon my mind what it was."

"It was the Seminole warrior seeking to gain possession of the coveted ear-rings."

"The fellow was not aware of the fact that ladies usually laid aside such articles as these at night, and he was looking for them where he had last seen them."

"A faint light pervaded the room; the moon was at its full, and its rays came softly through the muslin curtains. Presently I saw the crested head slowly arise, and then the glowing eyes were fixed full upon mine."

"The savage saw in an instant that he was discovered, and his first thought, of course, was his knife."

"I saw the motion, and, with the energy born of despair, I seized the long-bladed hatchet, and before he could rise from his crouching posture, I dealt him a blow full between the eyes."

"I must have struck hard, for I felt the blade cut deeply, but not stopping to think, I struck again, this time felling him to the floor, sprung out of bed, rushed to the door and out into the hall, filling the house with my frantic cries for help."

"This soon came, and when I found that I was safe, the next thing, naturally, was to faint dead away. Women always do under such circumstances."

"I found, on recovering, that the Indian had been badly wounded—indeed they did not think he would survive, but he did, only, however, to be executed, by command of Tiger Tail, as a warning to others who might take a fancy to things not their own."

"It took me a long time to get over the shock, and even to this day, I am sometimes awakened by a tingling in that ear."

Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFORREST.

NUMBER FORTY.

THERE was a sudden hush of all nature as the sun went down, and was at once replaced by the silvery moon, which had long since risen. It fell on the slightly-rippled waters, and then all the sounds which herald night in the tropics—the chattering of monkeys, the hum of insects, and the cries of different animals—might be distinguished.

Every now and then a dark cloud would speed over the moon and leave all nature in a deeper gloom. It was during one of these moments that I caught a sudden glimpse of a small fire under the leafy arches of the forest close to my stable. Then it blazed up on high, and I could see dusky figures piling on wood, and the next minute, up went a clear blaze from the quantities of dead boughs which, lying about in all directions, are so easily collected.

Before five minutes had elapsed, I became aware that these reckless savages, with a spirit perfectly demoniacal, were about to destroy my stable. It was pure, wicked, unadulterated mischief; and as I saw them—clear, distinct and naked—in the light of the fire, I could scarcely refrain from slaying two of them at once. But my powder was valuable, and besides, it would have been madness to have disclosed my retreat.

As soon as the fire was fairly made, and the green walls of my stable began to burn, the savages stepped back to view their handiwork. I have already described them. They were the same horrible Fan Indians who have been seen at work before in the early part of my narrative. They were huge and powerful men. There was one who struck me more than any, from the ferocity of his appearance and the "bravery" of his ornamentation.

His body was painted red, he had a very large shield of elephant's hide, and held in his hand a bundle of three or four spears, with a bag of what were probably poisoned arrows. He was giving orders. At last I saw him distinctly point to my little island. Half a dozen warriors immediately were detached from the group, who advanced to the landing. They had torches in their hands, and examined the ground carefully.

Then, with a great shout, they pointed to my footsteps, and to the mark left by the boat on the soft soil on the bank of the river.

They had found my trail.

Then I knew that there was little hope for me. I could fight as long as my powder lasted, but that would only be for a little time; while at every shot the fear of firearms would become less in the minds of these warriors, who were evidently used to fighting, and no doubt very brave and expert.

They now dispersed, and each man appeared to be making a raft for himself of the reeds; and in ten minutes more, six grim and terrible-looking fellows were embarked on the water, armed with javelin, cross-bow and shield.

I had my double-barreled gun, my flask of powder, twenty or thirty bullets, my pistols, a knife and a heavy, sharp ax. This I laid near to my hand, in order to be ready for that terrible emergency, a hand-to-hand conflict. Again all was still, and the whole appeared to me like a scene in a play or a panorama.

The fire made every thing else dark, but wherever its radiance extended, one might have counted every leaf. It hissed, and spouted and crackled, and shot up on high with a force which sent the sparks and blaze thirty feet into the air—a lot of fresh fuel constantly piled on sending up a column of black smoke to the skies.

The warriors stood around in groups and waited.

The rafts were all together, and came on slowly, being paddled by small pieces of broken branches.

They were about two pistol-shots off when I took aim.

They were in a crowd, whispering. Evidently they were certain that I was on the island, and expected to catch me asleep. I took deliberate aim, my very heart in my mouth. I saw nothing but a dark and frightful mass, the furnace on the shore making the lake pitchy black.

I fired, and as the echoes of my gun woke up the forest, I gave them a second barrel. It was like magic. When the smoke passed from before my eyes, the rafts were empty, and floating slowly toward the current, where they would soon be sucked in by the waterfall. There were four heads in the water. The others had sunk.

The four who had escaped were swimming hard for the shore, though one I could see was lagging behind, being no doubt wounded.

But without troubling myself, I proceeded to load, putting two balls in this time without any extra load of powder.

Then I waited.

Three of the fugitives were soon upon the shore, where a great cry was heard,

probably at the news that two had been killed. Then they ran to and fro, while one or two rushed into the water to assist the last man. But it was too late, his strength was gone; and in a few minutes more, three dark bodies, those of the killed, moved slowly past me, drawn on by the remorseless current.

For some time I was left in peace, the whole of the party retreating into the woods. I was at first inclined to think that they had had enough of the combat, but soon was undeceived. In about half an hour the whole gang reappeared, headed by their chief.

He alone did not carry a burden, though all the others I soon perceived carried a number of trees and branches, with which to make a commodious raft. For so many, inflamed by the passions of hate and revenge, nothing was easier than to construct a machine that would float a dozen. In half an hour a large and secure, but unwieldy construction was in the water.

Then at the end next to my island, they placed a rampart of bushes, grass and turf rudely torn from the ground. Then the warriors, some ten or a dozen in number, laid down on the raft, those who had the management of two huge oars kneeling.

Then I determined to shoot at them as soon as they were near enough to be aimed at, as, could the raft be moved out into the current, my task would be easier. To shoot through the rampart was wholly out of the question, it being thick and high. But I had more than one plan of escape.

And I determined to put one in practice, to escape from these cannibals. It was the most feasible that occurred to me. My canoe lay at the landing. The paddle was in it and the water-gourd. Now nothing could have been easier than for me to have fled, if the lake had ended in a river like that by which the water entered in. As it was, I had to slip round the northern extremity of my island, cross the current which sailed toward the cave cataract, and then glide away by the opposite shore.

Once or twice I thought of making for the cataract, standing up in my canoe and clutching at the overhanging bushes, as the bark boat fell into the yawning abyss. But this was a great risk, which I was not at all anxious to incur. But all this time the savages were coming up, and by some devilment, which I did not understand, the raft came direct for the island.

Peering out into the darkness, I saw that there were four or five savages swimming in the water, and keeping the raft in the right direction. Now my pistols were very good ones, and for mere practice I had taken a great deal of pains with them; I had shot birds on the wing, and so had great confidence in my ability to use them. I watched my opportunity keenly, saw a great black savage rise in the water, and fired.

With a cry, which was retched by a dozen others, he let go his hold and sunk. I had hit him in the head. Again I fired, and once more another fell. Then taking aim at one of the oarsmen, I fired, and the oar, falling out of his hand, the raft broadened, turned round, and the whole party of warriors came in view. With a fearful yell, they leaped into the water. Once again my gun sent forth its volley of flame, and then I fled.

Gliding along the shore, I soon came to where my canoe lay in the dark shadow of some cedars; I could see the savages making a rush, despite the mischief I had done. In a few minutes they would be on my trail. The boat was pushed out, and then, the overhanging boughs mainly assisting me, the bark canoe was pulled along without the use of oars. In this way I soon reached the end of the island, when pushing my boat under some overhanging trees, I loaded my gun and listened.

The savages were on the land, searching for me everywhere. I could hear them tearing through the bushes, striking right and left with their clubs, in the hope of thus finding me. Tiger, who stuck close to me, gave a savage growl, which warned me to be off, so, sitting firmly in my canoe, I struck out for the opposite shore, taking every precaution to avoid the influence of the current, which, now that I was round the point and on the opposite side of the island, was very strong.

Fear lends strength, I do believe; so that I did on this occasion prodigies, which at another time I might not have done. The canoe flew beneath the vigorous strokes of my paddles, and in a few minutes I was across, and under shelter of the trees which skirted the borders of the lake.

The bark canoe was fastened to the boughs which swept the water's edge, and then creeping into the arches of the gloomy forest, I preferred trusting to all the chances of wild beasts, boa-constrictors, pythons, and all the other species of the family of snakes, to running the risk of falling into the hands of the cannibals.

For some time I continued on my way in impenetrable darkness, until at length a small clearing opened before me, and I saw at once that I had fallen on a village of monkeys. Every tree had a nest—that is, a rude platform and a roof of slanting thatch. Tired, wearied, and scarcely knowing what to do, I climbed into the most handy of these, and curling myself round very much like the animal which erected it, fell asleep.

When I awoke it was long past daylight, but nothing was in sight. Probably, my large dog sleeping at the bottom of the tree, had kept the monkey away. How-

ever this may be, I glided to the ground, and without stopping even to pluck a berry, hurried on my way.

I soon reached the stream supplying the lake, and contrived to cross it by means of one of the many logs, which lay upon its banks. I then struck out for the track which led to my cave. Once there, I considered myself a match for a hundred or two, even of such Indians as the Fans.

My dog, which I had again muzzled, suddenly stood still and whined.

I brought my gun to the charge, but at once saw that it was too late. Fifty warriors were upon me, and the death of one or two would only have exasperated the rest. I made a feint, however, of running, cast my gun into a thicket, and then facing about, met the howling, yelling, shrieking troop of savages with a firm and undaunted look.

I required all my nerve to do so, but though I had but little hope, yet, even at that painful crisis, it was, at all events, satisfactory to show them how a white man can die. They were lighter in shade, stronger, taller, and more active than any purely negro race; they were naked, except wearing a wild-cat apron, while their teeth were filed, which gave their faces a ghastly and ferocious look, especially those who had their teeth blackened. Their hair or wool was drawn out in long thin plaits, while on the end of each stiff plait were strung some white beads and copper or iron rings.

They clutched me with a yell of triumph, and at once tied me to a tree; after which they retired to a distance and sat down in a circle. My feelings may be imagined. I knew my fate. There was the image of the poor Indian girl before me; but then she was one of their own tribe—I was not—they would certainly eat me.

Besides, had I not killed their warriors, laid desolate some of their homes, and, to their ideas, deserved death? I knew it was coming, for they began to sing a mournful, heart-piercing chant, which seemed to say, "There is no hope!"—something which sounded like, *We che noli labella pe na beshe!* Then up they leaped, brandishing their spears, hatchets, shields, and war-clubs.

Four rushed at me, and I knew that my hour was come. They halted facing me, their countenances exhibiting the utmost distortion which the human countenance can show; such countenances as one may imagine to belong to cannibals. But I knew I looked them full in the face with a most undaunted expression, which seemed to exasperate them awfully; for one raised his lance, one his club, another his poisoned arrow, just as I muttered a hasty prayer for mercy—not to them, but to Him who alone could save me in that strait.

Heavens! what is that cry? It must be madness even to think of it—and yet it seemed clear and distinct.

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A SONG.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

We met beside the garden gate,
But not as we had parted.
For then her pride was cold in state,
And I was broken-hearted.

We met in the old faith again,
Our lips in gladness pressing,
And felt it was the past's dim pain
That proved the present's blessing.

We said we would not part again,
We vowed it o'er and over—
Her love should never fall nor wane,
I never would be a rover.

Her brother out the door came he,
His hand it had a gun in,
And she went into spasms to see
The course her true-love run in.

The beautiful rays of a rising sun were
bidding the earth good-morning, when a
carriage, driven by three horses, entered the
Cumberland mountains.

The carriage was an old-fashioned but
substantial affair, and the wheels creaked
unmusically as they revolved over the rough
mountain roads. The horses were a lazy
look, and moved along in a slow walk.

Upon the "leader" sat a man who seemed
to be unconscious of the fact that the animals
were moving at all. In the carriage
sat a girl, whose age could not have
exceeded eighteen years. She was passably
good-looking, and ever and anon gazed out
with a fearful, half-frightened countenance.

Alongside of the cumbersome vehicle
walked a rather dandified-looking fellow
carrying a gun. He sported a white, sharp-
pointed collar, and a plug hat of antique
pattern, and wore a black cloth coat and
high-topped boots. He carried his gun at a
half-cock, and every now and then gazed
cautiously round, as though each tree and
rush concealed a robber.

"I do wish we were beyond these mountains,"
said the girl, looking out of the carriage
and speaking to the guards. "Why
does not John urge the horses into a faster
gait?"

"The road is too rough right here, Kate,"
answered the man, whose name was Theo-
philus Jenkins. "And, then, John is the
laziest mortal that ever breathed. Just so
soon as the road gets smoother I shall make
him trot up, and we'll get along a little
faster."

"This is a very lonely spot," said Kate,
looking about; "and a splendid place for
the robbers who infest these mountains."

Her face grew pale as she uttered the last
sentence, and Theophilus threw a wild
glance to his right, as though he had sud-
denly heard the footfalls of a band of brig-
ands.

The young girl did not speak more; but
settled back on the cushioned seat, and
watched her guard, with her thoughts far
away from the mountainous scenery.

She was journeying across the mountains
to her uncle's house, where she expected to
remain several months. Her father was re-
luctant to part with her, for, at the time of
which we write, certain portions of the
Cumberland mountains were infested with
gangs of plunderers, who, in some respects,
resembled the banditti of Italy and Spain.

But Kate Jackson desired to go, and her
father yielded. As a protector through the
mountains he sent a trusty servant, Theo-
philus Jenkins, upon whose boasted bravery
he relied.

On, on went the vehicle. Every now and
then a short stretch of smooth road was
reached, when the rider urged the lazy
animals into a trot.

It was near ten o'clock when Theophilus
espied a spring near the mountain road.
Ordering the rider to draw rein, he ran to
the spot, where the clear, cold water gushed
from the earth, and filled to overflowing a
pretty, natural basin. Throwing his hat
and gun upon the ground, the guard knelt
down and bent over the spring. In the
water the leafy boughs of the trees were
mirrored; but, before Theophilus tasted of
the life-sustaining liquid, he sprang to his
feet, seized his gun, and gazed up into the
tree that leaned over the spring.

Not only were the branches mirrored in
the water, but a man's face also!

"Now just you see here," shouted the
guard, pointing his gun at the man over-
head. "What are you doing up there?"

"Nothing that will disturb you, sir," was
the reply, in a sharp tone. "I am waiting
for a friend."

"Up in a tree is a confounded pretty
place to wait for a friend, isn't it?" said
the guard, who did not like the face of the man.

found Kate in a swoon, and, for a wonder,
did not disturb her.

"We'll go through the trunks first," said
one of the twain, "and then we'll attend to
one of the girls." This is a bad
day for us: Alf and Joe killed, and Dick
badly injured for I guess that whip, in all
probability a loaded one, has broken his
head. I'll tell you, Tom, what we'll do
with them two cusses," he continued, pro-
ceeding to unstrap one of Kate's trunks.
We'll put a bullet in their heads, and carry
them away. They've killed the boys, and
they must die, too."

They were not long in forcing the trunks
open, and were soon busy in overhauling
their varied contents.

Meantime, the coachman was not idle.
He had rolled to the spot where Theophilus
lay, recovered from the stunning blow,
whispered John.

"The ——" exclaimed Theophilus, in a
low tone. "I tell you, John, we must get
loose and whip the scoundrels yet."

"Get loose! how?" said the coachman,
glancing at the strong ropes that encircled
their wrists and ankles.

"The knots are drawn tight," said Theo-
philus. "But, hang me, if I don't believe
that I can loosen them with my teeth. I
chawed a clothes-line off once, on a bet in
Jersey, in one minute. Now, I'll try your
knots first, and, if I succeed, you can cut
mine with your knife. Old Alexander cut
a knot with his sword once. Draw your
hands up to my mouth."

John obeyed, and soon Theophilus was
tugging at the ropes. Every now and then
he paused to glance at the robbers, who re-
mained busy at the trunks, and the fellow,
whom John had struck with his whip, who
had not recovered his senses.

"I believe you sent that fellow to Davy
Jones' locker, John," he said, in one of his
pauses. "I'm nearly done. Don't you
think that I'm getting along finely?"

"Yes," said the coachman, glancing at
the knots which were yielding to his com-
panion's efforts.

"There!" exclaimed Theophilus at last.
"Now shake the strings off and use your
knife."

John easily shook the ropes from his
wrists, and drew forth his knife.

"Be cautious," admonished Theophilus.
"Free my wrists. There! that's neat. Now
let's draw our legs up, and you cut the
cords."

A minute afterward our friends were free.

They had gained their freedom unobserved
by the two robbers, whom they now had to
overcome.

"Let us take them alive," said Theophilus,
"and march them into Blacksburg. These
dead fellows have pistols, of course."

A cautious examination proved the truth of
Theophilus' words, and the two heroes
found themselves possessed of two heavily-
loaded pistols.

"We will rush forward and demand their
surrender; and, John, if they do not give in,
why we'll give them a bit of lead."

Presently, when the heads of the robbers
were turned from our friends, they simul-
taneously sprang to their feet and darted
forward. The two villains heard them com-
ing, and turned to confront two pistols, held
by determined men.

"Surrender, mountain dogs!" cried Theo-
philus, "or die in a second."

Seeing, at a glance, that their late prison-
ers had the best of the new bargain, the rob-
bers threw up their hands in token of sub-
mission, and Theophilus held the pistols
while John bound them.

Then the Jerseyman repacked Kate's
trunks, and secured them on the carriage
again. He looked in at Miss Kate, and
found her entirely recovered from her
swoon, and shivering with fright. He
quickly informed her of the new turn things
had taken, and they prepared to resume
their journey.

Upon examination, it was found that
John's blow had actually killed the third
robber, and the bodies were quickly buried.

The two prisoners were placed in the car-
riage, on the front seat; and Theophilus
marched alongside, never taking his sharp
eyes off them. At Blacksburg they were
handed over to the authorities; and the law
sent them, for a long term of years, to the
penitentiary.

Theophilus Jenkins' employer gave him a
valuable present for his bravery, and he re-
ceived the thanks of the public of Black-
burg for ridding the mountains of a pest.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

A "Greenhorn's" Grit.

"That ere English feller, well, he war
the funniest chap as ever I come across, but
he war game to the backbone, an' no mis-
take," was a remark I heard as I neared the
fire where the rangers were congregated.

"Do 'ee mean the one that war wi' us
when we war down to the Copper Mines
'bove Fillmore?" asked an old ranger.

"Yes, Dan, the one with them queer-
lookin' whiskers, or whatever they war, an'
thet hung all ther game up ag'in a tree 'till
it drapped uv its own weight afore he'd eat
it."

"I remember him, an' he war grit to the
very innards," was the ready indorsement.
"Thar ain't nenny men as kin say they
hev foun't a grizzly, single-handed, an' kin
out with wind enough left in his body to
tell it. No, sirree! an' them fellers what
writes them 'ere books an' tells about hunt-
ers rubbin' out Old Eph ev'ry day in the
week, an' a set uv d— greenhorns thet don't
know a grizzly b'ar from a yearlin' calf."

"Thet's so, old hoss,"

"This Englisher," continued the ranger,
"hed kin out to see the kentry, and fight
Injuns, es he sed in his funny way, what I
can't give you no idee uv, an' tackled onto
our party es we war leavin' Fort Fillmore
fur the copper regions, whar game war
plenty."

He soon got to be a great favorite with
the whole party, the Englisher did, an'
though we played all sorts uv tricks onto
him, an' some of them darned rough 'uns,
he bore 'em all in good natur', an' larfed
louder'n anybody else at himself.

"It war in playin' one uv these hyar jokes
thet kin purty nigh costin' the feller his life."

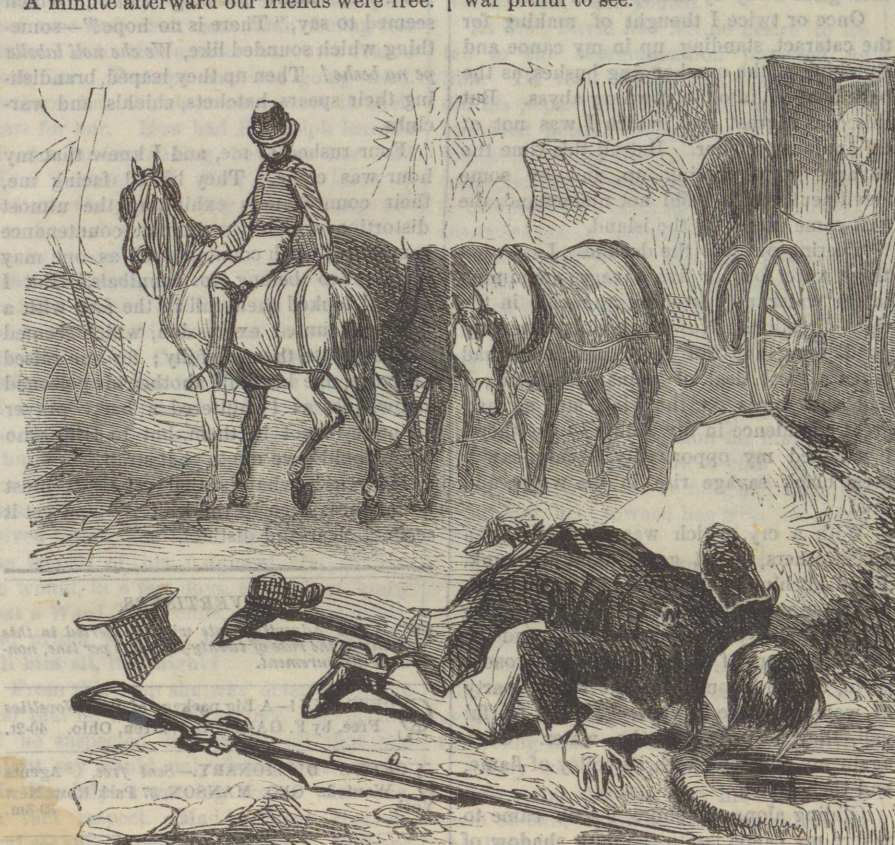
"He hed a fine gray mar' thet he rode, an'
thought a power uv, fur he hed brought her
from across the waters, an' it war a sight to
see the pains an' trouble he took with thet
hoss."

"Well, a day or two arter we war in
camp, Ned Stockton took it into his head to
play off another trick on the Englisher, an'
airly one mornin' the gray mar' was missin',
an' couldn't be found nohow."

"The poor feller took on so 'bout the
critter that I war jess goin' to tell him, when
all of a sudden he kitched up his double-
bar'l gun, an' started off like mad to ards the
hills that lay west'ard uv the camp."

"I told Ned he war wrong, but he only
larfed an' sed as how he hed roped the mar'
to a muskeet-bush down in a holler, an' she
would be all right, an' so I sed no more
'bout it."

"I reckon the English chap hed been
gone suthin' like two hours or more, when
all at onc't hyar come the gray mar'-a-tearin'
into camp, her neck all over blood, an' her
flanks and back bit an' tore in a way thet
war pitiful to see."



THE HIDDEN Foe.

"The poor creeter come runnin' right in
among the men, an' rubbed her head ag'in
one of the feller's shoulders, jess like a
human, and whinnin' all ther time."

"I tell you thar war a scatterin' an' grab-
bin' uv arms 'mong thet party, an' away we
put, on the run, follerin' the Englisher's
trail."

"When we struck the hills we lost it fur
a bit, but soon got it ag'in, an' lifted it till
we war stopped by a deep gully thet crossed
the level."

"Right on the edge uv the gully, an' all
around fur sum distance, the airth war torn
up, an' here an' thar we found blood, plenty
uv it, an' by an' by one uv the fellers picked
up the double-bar'l all broke an' battered,
an' covered with blood."

"The sign looked bad, devilish bad; an'
almost dreadin' to see suthin' thet below."

"Tough es I am, I declar I liked to hev
keeled over at the sight I sed down in thet
wash."

"Thar lay the English chap, bloody from
his eyes to his feet, and right alongside uv
him lay a whoppin' big grizzly dead es a
hammer."

"While I war examin'in' the gully one uv
the boyees hed found whar the b'ar hed
chased him from the valley below whar the
mar' had been hitched, an' then the thing
war plain as daylight."

"The poor feller hed kin up jess as Old
Eph hed tracked the mar', and hed pitched
in to save his critter, an' got the b'ar arter
himself instead uv the hoss."

"How the mar' hed got loose none uv us
could tell, broke the lariat mebbey in her
struggles."

"We got down into the wash arter a good
deal uv trouble, and picked up the Eng-
lisher, stone dead, es we thought, an' carried
him to camp."

"But he war'n't dead, by a good deal,
though he war cut up awful, an' arter a
while he kin to, and asked fur water."

"It war several days afore he could tell
us 'bout the thing, but when he war strong
enough he sed that he hed found the trail
uv the mar' an' follered it to the holler whar
Ned hed hid her."

"He war purty mad, he sed, when he see'
it war another joke, by the animal's bein'
hitched, an' war in the act uv cuttin' the
lariat when the b'ar broke out uv a thicket
clost by and sprung onto the hoss."

"He fired both bar's into the brute, an'
it then left the critter an' made arter him,
an' ketchad him on the side uv the gully,
whar we hed seen the airth torn up."

"He didn't recollect much 'bout the fight,
ony that it war a awful one."

"He used his knife, he sed, es long es he
war able, the b'ar chawin' an' clawin' him
all the time, an' then, when both war about
played out, he gruppud the critter, an' both
went over the edge uv the wash."

"Thet war all thet he knowed, an' thet
war a good deal fur one man, you kin bet."

"What saved him war the double-bar'l,
which hed been loadened with ounce bul-
lets, an' both uv 'em hed gone clean through,
weak'nin' Old Eph powerfully."

"Well, we nussed the Englisher well
ag'in, an' you may depend thar war'n't any
more tricks played on him, fur I tell you, it
won't do, nohow, to do dirt to a man who
has killed a grizzly in fa'r fight all by his-
self."

Saved by Wolves.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

How I made the acquaintance of Zenas
Gale, does not matter here, besides being
too long a story to narrate. Suffice that I
did know him, and that I have sat for many
an odd hour listening to the quaint or mar-
velous "yarns" that he loved to spin, pro-
vided he had a good listener, a pipe, and an
occasional glass of "something stiff, jess to
do his claspin'." One of these incidents I
will transcribe, only premising that he,
Gale, declared it was nothing but the plain,
sober truth.

"A matter o' twenty 'yar gone by, a
whien o' us mountain men were on the trap
up in the Gran' Rond Valley, an' was a-
littin' fur consarned fads; traps full every
mornin'. Croakin' bullfrogs! but them war
good times; ef they war'n't, then why war
pelted me?"

"An' you know we felt good over it, as
we thought how we would spend it when we
got to Fort Union, then down to St. Louey.
Thar war'n't one uv us but what c'd tell to
a dot jess how many drinks o' tanglefoot
thar sh'ar w'd bring, an' how long it'd be
afore we'd hev to mosey back ag'in arter
more. It seems all-fired foolish now, to look
back an' see what work we'd do to git our
load, and then how soon it'd be gone an' we
not a mite the better fer it; chaw me ef it
don't! But then it's human natur', I reckon."

"Wall, we war a-doin' tiptop, when one
night, cold as all git out, the snow an' sleet
a-drivin' like mad, as we hunkered down

around a bit o' fire, whiz! comes a whien
o' bullets an' arrers spang in our middle,
throwin' in thar tracks four as good fellers
as ever floated a stick. They didn't know
what hurt 'em, but we did—thet is, Ben
Wrayle, Steve Horder, an' me. Each one
on us hed our shiner; I the least."

"Quavrin' shypoker! I didn't hev hunt
kiver? But 'twar no use. The reds hed
stampeded our animiles, an' 'twar ten to one
we couldn't foun't 'em, an' our on'y chance
war to yamose an' try to git away in the
dark. But we each left our mark, an' I
sed my meat quile up's if he'd eat too
many green crab-apples fer supper. Then
we lit out. Jee-rusalem crickets! how I did
shake moccasins! Ef I didn't run so fast
that I melted the snow an' ice ahint me,
an' my hoofs jess smoked, why call me a
Hoozier. Wag!"

"'Twasn't the best o' travelin' nyther, fer
it war as black as a nigger wench a-pickin'
a crow up a chimney. An' then the sleet
a-drivin' in my face until I jist shet my eyes
an' went it blind. I could hyar the reds
a-travelin' arter me, an' chaw me ef I don't
b'lieve they smelt my trail, fer they follered
me a matter o' two hours, 'tihin sound all
the time. I shuck 'em off arter thet, by
doublin' and strikin' more south'ard. I kep'
a-go'in', fer I knowed thet less the snow hid
my trail, I's a goner in the mornin'." "Sides,
I war skeery 'less they'd keep cluss enough
to sight me when day arose."

"I was goin' in a lope when the airth g'n
way, an' down I tumbled kersplunt! in a
shaller, rocky crick. I war'n't hurt much,
an' trotted on as quick as I could git out o'
the bed. On an' on I kep' trampoosein' all
thet live-long night, till I thought I'd drap.
The groun' war orful rough, it heared like,
or less the stubs an' stoms all got in my
path, fer every leetle while I'd stumble, an'
ef I didn't fall plump down, why I n'arly
on'tint my neck."

"Wall, day come at last an' the sun with
it, c'lar an' warm, an' didn't it shine on a
purty-lookin' specimint o' humanity, which
war me? Hoptoads an' lizzards! yas, I
consait it did. Bloody, muddy, ragged, an'
nigh tuckered out, I looked wuss'n a scare-
crow. But thet war'n't the wust, not by a jug-
ful, as I soon diskivered; fer a perayery-hen
flew a few steps an' then it ag'in jess afore
me, an' I thought what a nice breakfast he'd
make, even ef I did hev to eat it raw. So I
up rife, but I didn't shoot. No, sirree,
nary a shoot! An' oh, how I did cuss;
sw'ared tell the yeth all round looked blue
as grass! Fact, by hokus!"

"What fer? jist 'ca'se thar war'n't any
look to the gun! Seems when I tumbled
down inter the crick the lock hit ag'in a
stun an' broke the screw thet held it in.
Then it lither fell out thar, or else when I
war a-trapein' a'terwards. My pistols I
hed left in my saddle, an' my knife whar I'd
bin a-cuttin' meat when the reds 'bushed us."

"Now war'n't I in a cute fix? ef I war'n't,
call me a mule! Afoot on the perayry, no
grub nor any weepins to git it with, in a
part o' the kentry I'd never see'd afore, an'
cold as Grinland. Wall, I couldn't stop to
cry over it, though I'll knock under thet I
felt mighty like doin' it. I knowed I must
git somethin', somethin', the quicker thet
sometime war, the better fer this o' boss.
So I lit out, an' oh! June-bugs and skeeters!
how I did scratch snow. I kep' it up all
day, 'most all night, an' started ag'in in the
mornin'."

"Fer three days I kep' on, an' not a bite
to eat 'cept a piece o' buck-skin cut from the
flaps o' my shirt, an', as you may 'agine, I
felt rayther peckish. I hed snow fer water,
an' I swallered it till the cussed stuff actly
friz hard inside o' me. Ef it didn't, what
made it feel so pinched-up an' cold in thar?"

"On the fo'th day I sighted a herd o'
buffler, an' then I begun to hope a leetle, fer
perhaps I could find a wounded animile 'at
would gin out a'ter a while. So I follered
'em up, though I could sca'cely see, I war
so dizzy, an' faintly fur want o' grub. Purty
soon I see'd somethin' 'at made me feel good
all over. An' thet war, a whien o' coyotes
war a-watchin' a cow-critter that I could see
war badly hurted. They worked around to
git her se'pated from the rest so to hev a
fair shake at her, but she fooled 'em fer
a'arly half a day."

"Snappin' turkeys! how I did cuss! Then
I begun to talk good, like I'd heered a
preacher-man do onc't to a camp-meetin',
but I'd fergit sometimes, an' 'fotch in the
bad words whar the good ones orter go.
But I meant it all well enough, so I guess
'twon't be laid up ag'in me."

"At last the coyotes got the cow away
from the rest o' the herd, an' then I crawled
clusser. Fer I know'd thet in less'n a min-
ute arter she war pulled down, her bones
would be licked clean. She'd run at 'em
an' try to break through, but they'd snap at
her heels, tryin' to hamstring her, an' then
round an' round she'd turn, bellerin' like
mad, a-kickin' and a-hornin' all the time.
But it war no go. She tired out, stumbled,
an' then they kivered her all over."

"I trotted as fast as I could, an' war soon
knockin' over the wolves wi' my gun, but I
war nigh bein' too late. As it war, she war
more than half eat up. The coyotes scat-
tered afore me, but I didn't mind them. I
tore off bits o' the meat with my claws, an'
bolted it raw. In ten minutes I'd forgot
what hunger war, an' lay beside the kar-
kidge, stuffed like a hog. An' thet's what I
call bein' saved by wolves," concluded Gale.

"But how did you get clear, at last?"

"Easy enough. When I'd eat my fill an'
hed a good snooze, my mind got kinder
cl'ared out, an' I soon studied out whar I
war. So I cooked a lot o' meat an' struck
a beeline fer Fort Union, nigh the mouth o'
the Yallersturn. But I war the on'y one as
got c'lar. 'Tother two war rubbed out, as
I farned a'terwards, an' Zenas took a long
survey of the ceiling through the bottom of
his glass, then smacked his lips with a long-
drawn sigh of exquisite contentment."

Beat Time's Notes.

AMONG THE SONGS.

"My Bark is on the Sea." A canine song.
"The Deserted Bowler; or, the Discarded
Knave."

"Free from Slumber." An ex-police-
man's melody.
"Speak Gently to the (H) erring."

"A Catch"—a coquette.
"Hither, Quickly Hasten to Me; or, Bring
Me a Stomach-pump."

"Sighings of the Lyre; or, Lyings of the
Sire."

"The Home of My Childhood; or, Across
My Mother's Knee."

"Sweet Evening Bells; or, The Boarder's
Sour Before Supper."

"Pull All Together; or, The Tight Book."
"My Own Sweet Native Vale." Just so;
I love my own sweet native vale.

"A Contented Mind." Composed by
Meyer-beer.

"Death-song of the Indian." Sing plenty
of them.

"O Stranger Lend Thy Gentle Bark." A
Peruvian song.

"Polish Song; or, The Stove-black's
Serenade."

"Wacht on the Rhine." That is, when it
was frozen.

"You say we part forever." Not for any
thing else.

WHEN I first started out with my li-
ment, which was good for lameness, boils,
weak eyes, brass kettles, rheumatism, and
grindstones, I ordered some cuts, one to re-
present "Before taking," and one "After
taking," but, as some artists reverse every-
thing, my artist labeled the pictures wrong, though
I didn't notice the mistake, but sent them
out over the States, and, by George, every
one that used the liiment got his legs
twisted into a grape-vine. It did as it was
represented, and the artist left the country.
He deserved hanging.

ONE of the most comfortable things in
this world is to sit and be shaved by a
nervous barber, who is in a hurry to go to
his dinner, and who lets the moles, wrin-
kles, and pimples escape his eye but not his
razor, while the least start you would make
would subject you to an incision in the
throat.

Is looking back across the past.
On all you've said, or done, or seen,
How pleasant 'tis to stop and think
How big a fool you've been.

WHEN a man is in love he keeps, as it
were, his eyes shut; and when he is mar-
ried he keeps his mouth shut.

THERE is nothing so certain to give a man
the spirit of Humility as falling down on a
slippery sidewalk; it is better than a kick.

THE grocer who only trusted Providence
is getting along very well.

THE rage that many women remain to
get in: suffrage.

A GENTLEMAN of letters: a postmaster.
BEAT TIME.